THE BLUESTOCKING

1923

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June, 1940.

GOAL REMAINS THE SAME

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LUCY PAGE COFFMAN

NOT TO BE HALTED.

28661

The BLUESTOCKING

Published by

THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Mary Baldwin Seminary

Staunton, Virginia

1922-1923

To the Spirit of Mary Baldwin

¶ Whose all prevading influence is a light on the path of life, whose helpful guidance shows us the way to true womanhood and to the fulfillment of higher ideals and under whose direction we have striven for the clear thinking and honest action for which this school has stood, and will stand forever and a day — to this spirit of our school we give thanks.

28661

FOREWORD

¶ At this time when our school is carrying out long-cherished hopes, it is the privilege of the Annual Staff of 1923 to serve. It is our desire that this BLUESTOCKING of '23 may prove an assistance to the willing hands that will take over our task, and we hope that in the years to come this book will bring back pleasant memories of school days spent in work and frolic. Perhaps we have failed in our aim, for often our goals are even too high, but we will have succeeded in our purpose if you derive little bits of pleasure from this BLUESTOCKING, and if you think it worthy of our school.

To

Miss Alma Eugenia Montgomery

our guide, counselor, and friend, who
has cheered or chastened as the
case required, but who has
never failed to listen to
our woes or to start us,
again face forward,
on the upward
path of life
do we dedicate the
BLUESTOCKING OF 1923

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Hill Top

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Miss Higgins

Miss Mary Baldwin 1856

Miss Mary Baldwin 1923

WINTER SCENES

The History of Mary Baldwin

IN THE summer of 1842 the Reverend Rufus W. Bailey came to Staunton with a great scheme in his mind, that of establishing a school for young ladies. So it was he sought the acquaintance and advice of Presbyterian ministers in this old, aristocratic, Virginia town; advice which resulted in the establishment of the Augusta Female Seminary. It was his desire and purpose to afford the means of a thorough literary and christian education to the young women in the surrounding country, and with the coming of the red and yellow leaves, came the opening of this institution of learning, conducted for some months in the upper rooms of a frame house. But the friends of the new undertaking had greater visions and owing to their interest and efforts, the corner stone of the first Seminary building was laid June 15, 1844. Mr. Bailey issued at commencement of this year the names of the sixty pupils enrolled and among them was that of Mary Julia Baldwin. Little did they or she dream what an important part she would play in years to come in the advancement and development of this school. And so the school flourished and grew in prestige and in favor with all under the leadership of the beloved Reverend Francis McFarland as President and Reverend Rufus W. Bailey as Principal. And Father Time continued to form days and nights, months and years, and still the progress of this institution was great and never failing, and the standard grew higher with the changing of the times.

Then there came a period when the yearly routine was broken by the conflict which is still remembered in the hearts of Northerners and Southerners. By the summer of 1863 every school in the town had been closed because of the distractions of the war. But it was in the fall of 1863, midst the roar of cannon, and the tramp, tramp of the soldier boys that the Misses Baldwin and McClung undertook to continue the running of the Augusta Female Seminary. After trouble everywhere in obtaining supplies, even more came in keeping them. However, these little Seminary maidens with their crinoline skirts had bright eyes and bright ideas too; and if only you could hear of all their places for hiding provisions! When the cry "The Yankees" was heard many barrels of flour disappeared and many dainty dressing tables appeared. But alas, there were more barrels than rooms and a Union Officer received quite a shock when he chanced to spy one deathly pale little lady pretending sickness in her bed of flour. However, many of their clever brave little plans aroused no suspicion and this flour made bread, not only for hungry school girls, but also for those wounded soldiers lying sick and suffering in the hospitals. Surely, it was natural that those girlish hearts beat faster at the sight of those lads in gray with their tar-

nished braid and battered buttons. Thus with never failing cheerfulness these maidens bore their deprivations gladly, and so passed the few hard years of our Civil War. One effect of the war was to bring the people of the Southern States nearer together and many pupils from various other states attended the Seminary during the session of 1865-6. From that time on pupils have been attracted from Northern and Western as well as Southern States.

In 1895 the name of this place of learning was changed from that of the Augusta Female Seminary to one which means more to us, that of Mary Baldwin Seminary, in recognition of the remarkable and devoted service Miss Baldwin had rendered to this school. Two years later the institution lost a true and faithful friend, and one greatly beloved, for after nearly half a century of successful labor, Mary Julia Baldwin passed to her rest on July 1, 1897 in the sixty-eighth year of her life. It was then that Miss Weimer was appointed principal and Mr. King business-manager. Under the leadership of these two wise and efficient persons the school made great strides forward. Mr. King is still the respected and beloved business-manager and due to his never ceasing interest and skillful management many great improvements have been brought about. During Miss Weimar's administration, in 1916, Mary Baldwin Seminary became a Junior College, and as the years rolled by it continued to advance in standards, influence, and size.

Now the Seminary occupies the sunny slope of one of Staunton's great hills, and is carrying out long cherished aims under the two who hold such a big place in our hearts, Miss Higgins and Mr. King. Many even now hardly realize the great work that our principal has accomplished. She not only brought the standard of the Junior College to an exceedingly high level, but it is her great interest and diligent labor, added to that of Dr. Fraser, our distinguished President, which has made it possible to offer a four-year college course to next year's students. The burden of this great undertaking has fallen in great measure on Miss Higgins' shoulders. Often we wonder how she has been able to carry on the daily tasks of the Seminary and at the same time manage so skillfully and gladly the additional work. It is because of the thorough, honest and high literary and moral standard, which have marked the school under her leadership, that the Board of Trustees and the President are able to establish the Mary Baldwin College.

—Laura Vaughan.

Mr. King

SWEET GIRL
GRADUATE

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Senior Class Roll

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Mary Goodloe Billings

Evelyn Carpenter

Carolyn Eagle

Marguerite Edgar

Frances Gotten

Mary Lilly Hearne

Elsie Jones

Gladys Parker

Douglas Summers

Pauline Weller

Miss Flora Stuart

SENIOR CLASS PATRON

Motto

Carpe diem

Flower

Wisteria

Colors

Black and White

ELSIE JONES

New Bern, North Carolina

After three sessions at the Seminary, Elsie graduates this year in the academic department. Almost any girl in school will tell you how attractive and witty she is, and her numerous activities testify to her popularity. She is president of the Athletic Association, president of the Senior Class, and a member of the Yellow Basketball Team. It goes without saying that Elsie will surely be missed next year.

MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS

Seymour, Indiana

Mary Goodloe, vice-president of the Senior Class, graduates with about the highest record in school. Her ability to carry five or six subjects and make such good grades in them each year is truly remarkable. Everybody admires her not only for her good scholarship, but for her charming personality and her sweetness. She is president of the Y. W. C. A., an office that is considered one of the highest in school.

DOUGLAS SUMMERS

Abingdon, Virginia

Besides being a graduate in the collegiate department, Douglas is president of the Latin Club, secretary and treasurer of the Senior Class, and recording secretary on the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. She is small in stature, but in no other way, for you can depend on Douglas to put things through. You can be sure, too, that you will have a good time when she is in the crowd, for her sense of humor is so decided that you will thoroughly enjoy every minute of the time.

GLADYS PARKER

Raphine, Virginia

Gladys is one of our two graduates in voice. Can she sing? Well, rather! She's small, but she has a large and truly wonderful voice, one that she's glad to use at any time, for our enjoyment. She is called on to sing very often, too but our pride in her should prevent her from ever tiring. We're glad to say that she is from Mary Baldwin.

EVELYN CARPENTER

Covington, Virginia

Evelyn has the distinction of being the only violin graduate this year, and the fifth violinist to graduate from Mary Baldwin. She is tall and slender, with hair that is more auburn than red, and so pretty that we enjoy watching her as she plays as well as listening to her music.

MARY LILLY HEARNE

Albemarle, North Carolina

Mary Lilly has been at the Seminary for four years, during which time she has finished her preparatory school work and also piano. She graduates in piano this year. In all of her years here she has gone quietly about, but not too quietly to have won our admiration for her steadfastness and reliability.

PAULINE WELLER

Staunton, Virginia

Polly is our other voice graduate, and we are just as proud of her. She can do lots of other things though, besides sing, as you will see if you ever know her. The main attraction about her is herself, and that's saying enough, for she is so attractive and popular that she hardly has time to do all those things she can do.

FRANCES GOTTEN

Memphis, Tennessee

Frances finishes in piano after only two years at Mary Baldwin. This shows hard work, but no one should mind work if it enabled them to play as well as does Frances. She is an editor on THE BLUESTOCKING staff, which shows that she can also do other things well. However, to repeat, get her to play for you sometime, and see if the music she makes doesn't make you forget all else except the fact that she surely *can* play.

MARGUERITE EDGAR

Staunton, Virginia

Marguerite is just as sweet about playing for people as she is about doing other things. She graduates in piano and is always being called on to play accompaniments because she does it so well. She just moved to Staunton a year or two ago and is doing both preparatory and collegiate work at the Seminary. We hope that she will stay here and graduate in her academic work, as she is doing in music.

CAROLYN EAGLE

Ronceverte, West Virginia

Carolyn graduates in piano after only two sessions at the Seminary. Her strong aversion to recitals is hard to understand in one who can play as well as she does. Have you ever talked to her? Well, she can surely hold her own in an argument, and she has her own theories about———well, about lots of things. She believes in them, too, as firmly as we believe that she will become a great musician.

Senior History

With cloudless skies and golden sun dawned the Seventh Day of September, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty. The two loyal, steadfast, iron-clad canines from their vantage posts at the entrance to the inner mysteries of the Mary Baldwin Seminary saw that merry sun appear over the roof of Dr. Fraser's interesting white house with metallic sighs of relief. The omens were favorable. Growled the animal on the left side going up to the beast on the left side coming down,

"One is here already."

"One what?"

"Some dogs would sleep three feet from a bone! One member of the class of 1923, of course."

"Really!" excitedly. "What is she like?"

"A little inclined to jest at life, but she will learn, she will learn. Her name is Elsie Jones, and she comes from New Bern, N. C."

"Oh! We shall teach her that a dog's life brings its reward."

Silence. Having sat thus for many, many years, and having looked on at many "opening days," these dogs—shall we call them Ham and Jam?—were in no wise disturbed by the great bustle and excitement taking place about them. Girls—girls—girls—some with fat fathers, some with slim; with slim mothers or "pleasingly plump"; some with both; some with neither. Ham could not help smiling a little when a crowd of girls threw themselves at one another with shrieks and muffled ejaculations. "Old girls," thought he. He always enjoyed seeing familiar faces. But Jam's keen eyes lit up at something quite different.

"The look! the look!" he barked. "1923 again, my dear Ham!" Coming up the steps with timid foot-steps a lovely girl with red-gold curls was wishing already that she was home again. Almost behind her a slim blonde was mounting to her fate with a swinging stride.

"Evelyn Carpenter, Covington, Va.," breathed Ham.

"Nancy Lee Hendon, Louisville, Ky.," sighed Jam.

"Each a great addition to the class," said Ham.

"Yes, a great addition," murmured Jam.

All day while the sun did shine, Ham and Jam sought among the multitudes with eager eyes for other members of that immortal class of which they, as guardians of the Seminary, were going to be so proud. But some eluded them in the crowd, some slipped by in the darkness of night, some entered by another way, so that it was some days before they could be sure how many were gathered. Five more, besides the ones they had seen on the first day: Abingdon, Va., sent Douglas Summers; Mary Hearne arrived from Albemarle, N. C.; and Mary Goodloe Billings traveled from Seymour, Indiana. From their Staunton homes came Gladys Parker and Pauline Weller. Oh, the dogs rejoiced—rejoiced. And these eight were friends.

Early in their sojourn "Doug" and "Billo," being politically outspoken and relatively unique in their Republicanism, became stump speakers. That mock election in October, 1920, took the form of a tribute to Governor Cox—and incidentally gave "Doug" and "Billo" a strenuous evening. The debate was an epoch in their lives, and they still congratulate one another and declare that for *natural eloquence* and *brilliant argument* the home team should have won! And they probably believe it. They have a line like a street car.

For sheer surprises, Gladys and Polly break all the records. We knew in a general way that both of them "took voice," and thought vaguely how lucky it was for us that we had some singers amongst us. But we also knew that Polly's porch was usually made up of Polly completely surrounded by uniforms; and that Gladys was awfully cute and on the trail of a good time. So it was at Miss Schoolar's vocal recital that these two proved themselves Sheer Surprises. Sing! Nothing so commonplace as that—they *warble*.

I suppose there was not one of us who did not contribute a little bit—*something*—to humanity's cause when Elsie came to us on behalf of the "starving children." And she was one of the group of four which appeared pictorially on the bulletin board, signed, "The Starving Children!"

Mary is not quite contrary. In fact, she makes us wish that we knew how to so conduct ourselves that Miss Higgins would ask—nay, *urge* us to take a room on the street side of Memorial Hall. We also wish we knew the art of keeping in the right place at the right time—never in the wrong place at the wrong time—and of being always composed.

We don't know—some say Evelyn is in love—we don't know. But we suspect something. She is too pretty not to be, and she—really her eye movement is superb. Beauty, Brains, Talent, Love—which one is she gladdest to have?

In the fall of 1921 our noble number was swelled by the entrance of three new girls—destined to the high privilege of graduating in 1923. Frances Gotten told us she had come from Bartlett, Tenn., to join us. We told her the honor was mostly ours—not all, of course. But mostly. She laughs so infectiously that we can't listen to her as we should like, because we want to laugh, too. Day by day in every way we like her better and better—and we aren't the only ones!

Carolyn Eagle came from Ronceverte, W. Va., and she adores to visit in Charlottesville, hates to play in recitals, and has a passion for cats. We love to hear about the Charlottesville trips, love to listen to her play, and love her cat tales.

From the day classes began, we heard about how "smart" Marguerite Edgar was. In fact, we heard so many rumors of the sort that when her name appeared on the program for Professor Schmidt's piano recital we were rather afraid her *specialty* was along literary lines. It turns out that the *specialty* is music, and she is a fine student only incidentally.

When we were allowed to draw up a constitution, as it were, we felt that we were duly recognized, and as Juniors elected Nancy Lee Hendon president. With one accord we decided to ask Miss Stuart to be our class patron, and when she consented, settled back with an I'll-Conquer-the-World air. Miss Stuart began proving to us the wisdom of our choice by giving us a beautiful dinner party at Miss Trout's. We decided informally, then and there, that our colors should be black and white, and our flower the wisteria; and we took *Carpe Diem* for our motto.

A very momentous occasion was the one on which we, as Juniors, gave a banquet for the Class of 1922. Because the weather was so beautiful we had a table on Miss Trout's delightful lawn, where the decorations were carried out in '22's colors, light blue and gold.

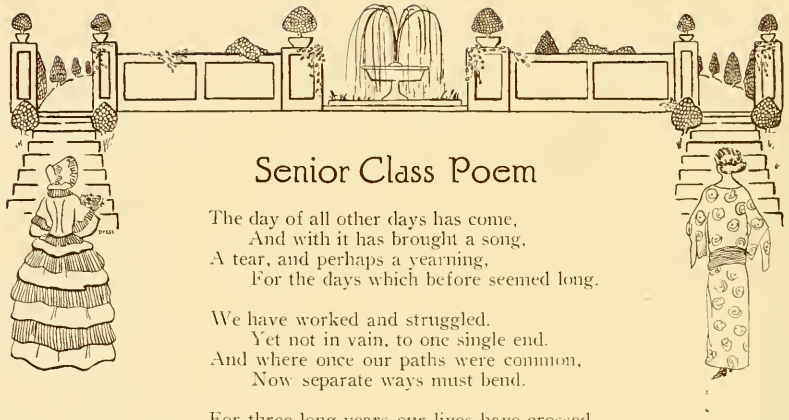
On class day the mantle of white and yellow was taken from the shoulders of the president of '22 and thrown over those of *our* president, Nancy Lee Hendon. Is it surprising, then, that when she failed to return the next fall to be our official leader we should have felt regret that amounted to grief? At our

first class meeting of the year, Elsie Jones was elected to the presidency, and there never was anybody like her. She is a president what *is* a president.

Probably the thing that has meant the most in our senior lives has been our "Senior Table" in the dining room. There we have told gruesome tales, eaten our dinners with spoons and our ice-cream with forks, and behaved altogether in a scandalously undignified manner. There we have discussed our theories of love, war, and the world to come. There we have come closer together than we ever were before. The only regret we have had from the beginning was the fact that this fellowship was only for those of our class who were boarders. We missed the three town members dreadfully—just as we have missed them in our hikes, our feasts, our social functions, which have meant so much in our school life.

After all, being a member of a class is in itself such a wonderfully worthwhile experience, that no printed page can begin to describe it. When a group of people spend years in working together toward a common end, a common goal, there is no telling the development and the inspiration that comes to the individual. Our years together here at the Seminary have enriched and colored our lives for as long as we shall live. No big experience that may come after the ten of us have scattered to different parts of the country, can ever erase that impress on our lives that is inscribed there in shining numerals—1923!

CLASS 1923



Senior Class Poem

The day of all other days has come,
And with it has brought a song,
A tear, and perhaps a yearning,
For the days which before seemed long.

We have worked and struggled.
Yet not in vain, to one single end.
And where once our paths were common,
Now separate ways must bend.

For three long years our lives have crossed,
With here a joy and there a sorrow,
And yet not once did we think
Of this parting on this "tomorrow."

Like a little ship upon a mighty sea
Our class has braved the flood.
And each member like a true sailor
To her own post has stood.

Sometimes the waves have washed our sides
With gentle, murmuring play,
And sometimes the billows have rolled high
And shut out the light of day.

Through storms and uncharted seas,
Beset by perils on every hand,
With the faculty as our pilot,
We have at last sighted land.

The journey has been long and hard,
With trials and costs untold;
And yet upon the decks there are
Treasures worth more than gold.

The harbor is now well in view,
And as tired sailors, we greet the shore;
And yet before we put out to land
We give one cheer for the class we all adore.

—D. Summers.

H. Dixon
NEXT YEAR—?

JUNIORS

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Secretary ..... Katie Dale Mitchell

Treasurer ..... Macon Pettyjohn

Class Patron ..... Miss Norma Schoolar

Flower	Colors
Wisteria	Lavender and Gold

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Virginia Henderlite
Charlene Kiracofe
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Eva Cook
Lucile Cox
Vivian Morgan

GRADUATES IN VOICE

Virginia Aaronson
Dorothy Bell
Margaret Foreman
Margaret Gage
Shirley Haynes
Marion Palmer
Macon Pettyjohn
Gertrude Pierce

GRADUATES IN ART

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Eleanor Folk
Fannie Williams

GRADUATES IN EXPRESSION

Retta Coney
Katie Dale Mitchell

GRADUATE IN VIOLIN

Ruth Mowery

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Lucile Chauncey

Dorothy Curry

Mary Ellen Davis

Frances Gatewood

Jane Harman

Virginia Hearn

Elsie Kennedy

Marjorie Myer

Gertrude Price

Lila Rhett

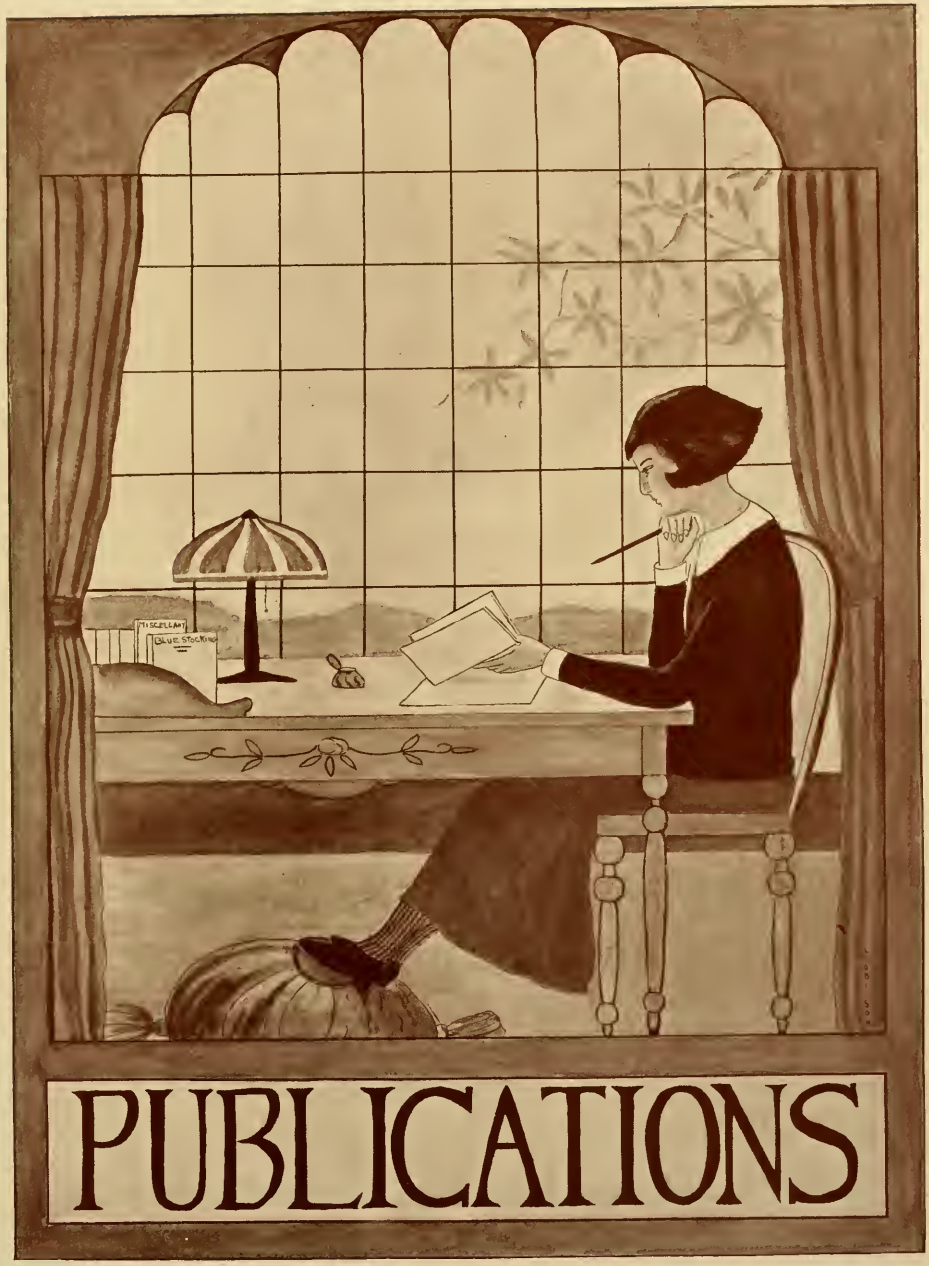
Edythe Rumpf

Jane Speddin

Agnes Terrell

Domestic Science Seniors

GRADUATION ESSAYS



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Miscellany Staff

The Athletic Spirit

The Athletic Spirit is a paper published with the object of bringing to the attention of the student body just what the Athletic Association is accomplishing in school.

The staff is composed of the council members, namely:

Elsie Jones
Reta Coney
Estelle Seibert
Edythe Rumpf
Frances Leys
Gertrude Pierce
Helen Baylor
Elizabeth Warner

Art Club

Officers

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Carr, Alle

Coffman, Lucy Page

Dyess, Louise

Dixon, Helen

Gates, Mildred

Gatewood, Frances

Gill, Mildred Ann

Gage, Margaret

Harvey, Sarah

Jackson, Margaret

McClerkin, Nancy

MacConnell, Elizabeth

Myer, Marjorie

Morgan, Helen

Noell, Geraldine

Orr, Evelyn

Richards, Inez

Robinson, Louise

Smith, Cora

Wier, Vernette

Young Ladies' Societies

CLUBS

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

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World Fellowship ..... Virginia Henderlite

Bible Study ..... Rocier Martin

Social Service ..... Macon Pettyjohn

Social ..... Lucille McAshan

Recreation ..... Lucile Lister

Publicity ..... Lucy Page Coffman

Room ..... Nina Harrison

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

¶ In apreciation of the interest that has contributed so largely to the effectiveness and impressiveness of the Y. W. C. A. meetings, we dedicate this page to

MISS NORMA BELLE SCHOOLAR

and to her able and willing assistants, the Y. W. C. A. Choir:

DOROTHY BELL
VIRGINIA AARONSON
MARION PALMER
GERTRUDE PIERCE

Y.W.C.A. COMMITTEES

PUBLICITY

PROGRAM

CHOIR

SOCIAL SERVICE

FACULTY ADVISER & OFFICERS

ROOM

WORLD FELLOWSHIP

RECREATION

BIBLE STUDY

SOCIAL

Senior Literary Society

Officers

President ..... Lucille McAshan

Vice-President ..... Estelle Siebert

Secretary and Treasurer ..... Rocier Martin

Members

Allen, Frances
Barrett, Linda
Baylor, Helen
Bennett, Eleanor
Billings, Mary Goodloe
Bowen, Mary Ellen
Bowen, Louise
Brownfield, Eleanor
Buchanan, Alice
Bull, Virginia
Campbell, Virginia
Carr, Alle
Carpenter, Evelyn
Chauncey, Lucile
Clark, Nancy Lee
Clarke, Margaretta
Clarkson, Helen
Clement, Ruth
Coffman, Lucy Page
Cox, Lucile
Davies, Virginia
Dudley, Elizabeth
Dunlop, Agnes
Dunn, Grace
Dyess, Louise
Eagle, Carolyn
Fisher, Mary Elizabeth
Folk, Eleanor
Fought, Juanita
Gatewood, Frances
Gayhart, Martha
Gotten, Frances
Grant, Frances
Hancock, Marguerite
Harris, Mary Frances
Harrison, Nina
Haynes, Shirley
Henderlite, Virginia
Henderlite, Rachael
Hereford, Elwynne
Howe, Marion
Jackson, Margaret
Jones, Elsie
Kelly, Bonnie
Kiracofe, Charlene
Lampkin, Lois
Lister, Lucile
Lowman, Virginia
Marshall, Glenora
McClerkin, Nancy
Mitchell, Katie Dale
Morgan, Vivian
Morgan, Helen
Munday, Elizabeth
Nevin, Mary
Noell, Geraldine
Palmer, Marian
Parkinson, Caroline
Patterson, Mary Campbell
Pierce, Gertrude
Ratcheford, Ethel
Redwine, Earnestine
Redwine, Ruth
Rhett, Lila
Richardson, Elizabeth
Robinson, Louise
Rumpf, Edythe
Rutherford, Margaret
Scott, Lucie
Scott, Margaret
Shewmake, Harriet
Smith, Augusta
Smith, Cora
Smith, Helen
Speddin, Jane
Stark, Thelma
Stuart, Virginia
Summers, Douglas
Vaughan, Laura
Wallace, Ellen
Ward, Margaret
Warner, Elizabeth
Watkins, Edith
Watkins, Nancy
Wharton, Pauline
Wier, Vernette
Wine, Isabelle
Zimmerman, Mary Elizabeth

Junior Literary Society

Officers

President ..... Edythe Rumpf

Vice-President ..... Jane Dennis

Secretary ..... Elizabeth Putnam

Treasurer ..... Nan Bruen

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Adams, Pauline
Arey, Loraine
Barker, Anne
Bibbee, Frances
Bond, Mary
Brown, Frances
Braxton, Agnes
Burkhead, Forrest
Carhart, Evelyn
Coney, Retta
Clarke, Esther
Cresswell, Rachel
Crafton, Catherine
Davis, Mary Ellen
Deans, Margaret
Davidson, Virginia
Dixon, Helen
Dobson, Dorothea
Daniel, Marion
Griffin, Martha
Gorin, Lucille
Gill, Mildred Anne
Gainer, Georgia
Graves, Audrey
Gage, Margaret
Ginn, Martha
Griffin, Sara
Henderson, Jane
Hull, Rosalie
Hagan, Barbara
Howard, Katherine
Jones, Rebecca
Johns, Frances
Junkin, Nettie
Johnson, Roger Belle
Kirby, Katherine
Lory, Anne
Murray, Margaret
Mulliss, Julia
McLain, Harriette
McAshan, Mary
Mitchell, Mildred
Moseley, Frances
McCullun, Mary
Messmore, Katherine
Myer, Marjorie
Nottingham, Lillian
Orr, Evelyn
Pollard, Virginia
Peatross, Katherine
Price, Gertrude
Potter, Elizabeth
Pettyjohn, Macon
Richards, Inez
Renfroe, Mary
Renfroe, Martha
Swartzbaugh, Dorothy
Smith, Gertrude
Symons, Viola
See, Katherine
Seacrist, Jessie
Streibich, Luray
Tully, Maurine
Traylor, Frances
Van Horn, Mona
Vandiver, Orlean
Warfield, Irma
Wilmoth, Gretchen
Winn, Mary Gertrude

Hawthorne Literary Society

Officers

President ..... Margaret Hill

Vice-President ..... Mildred Gates

Secretary and Treasurer ..... Hazel Rumpf

Members

Brown, Laura
Burgess, Marcia
Chittum, Elizabeth
Craig, Lucille
Danner, Rebecca
Durrance, Creel
Frazer, Agnes
Fleming, Marion
Hullihen, Louise
McLain, Harriett
MacConnell, Elizabeth
Minter, Evelyn
Newbold, June
Pergrin, Jessiegail
Quarles, Mary Nelson
Sproul, Agnes
Symons, Josephine
Taylor, Mary Garland
Vincent, Emma
Walton, Mary Linton
Weidner, Elizabeth

History Club

Officers

President ..... Mary Elizabeth Fisher

Vice-President ..... Carolyn Eagle

Secretary ..... Vivian Morgan

Treasurer ..... Agnes Terrell

Members

Allen, Frances
Baylor, Helen
Bennett, Eleanor
Brownfield, Eleanor
Bowen, Mary Ellen
Billings, Mary Goodloe
Campbell, Virginia
Carpenter, Evelyn
Carr, Alle
Clarke, Nancy Lee
Clark, Margarete
Clarkson, Helen
Coffman, Lucy Page
Dunn, Grace
Folk, Eleanor
Fought, Juanita
Haynes, Shirley
Hancock, Marguerite
Harris, Frances
Howe, Marion
Jones, Elsie
Kiracofe, Charlene
Lampkin, Lois
Munday, Elizabeth
Morgan, Helen
Martin, Rocier
Nevin, Mary
Renfroe, Mary
Smith, Helen
Smith, Cora
Smith, Augusta
Scott, Margaret
Summers, Douglas
Seibert, Estelle
Striebich, Luray
Vaughan, Laura
Warner, Elizabeth
Watkins, Edith
Watkins, Nancy
Ward, Margaret

Latin Club

Officers

President ..... Douglas Summers

Secretary ..... Margaret Deans

Treasurer ..... Elizabeth Putnam

Members

Barker, Anne
Barlow, Constance
Bowman, Dorothy
Braxton, Agnes
Brown, Frances
Brown, Mary
Bruen, Nan
Bull, Virginia
Burkhead, Forrest
Carhart, Evelyn
Cox, Lucile
Crafton, Catherine
Cresswell, Rachel
Daniel, Marion
Davies, Virginia
Dennis, Jane
Doll, Gertrude
Dyess, Louise
Gayhart, Martha
Gorin, Lucille
Grant, Frances
Graves, Audrey
Griffin, Sara
Hagan, Barbara
Harris, Pauline
Harvey, Sarah
Haynes, Shirley
Henderlite, Rachel
Howard, Katherine
Jones, Elsie
Kern, Elizabeth
Kieffer, Virginia
Kiracofe, Charlene
Lambert, Kitty
Lewis, Gertrude
Mitchell, Katie
Moffett, Nancy
Morriss, Dorothy
Moseley, Frances
Mulliss, Julia
Olivier, Elizabeth
Patterson, Mary Campbell
Potter, Elizabeth
Richardson, Elizabeth
Robinson, Louise
Ruckman, Frances
Scott, Margaret
See, Katherine
Smith, Augusta
Tully, Maurine
Van Horn, Mona
Wallace, Ellen
Ward, Margaret
Wilmoth, Gretchen

Spanish Club

Officers

President ..... Linda Barrett

Vice-President ..... Martha Renfroe

Secretary and Treasurer ..... Marion Bullett

Members

Barlow, Constance

Block, Lillian

Clarke, Nancy Lee

Cummings, Virginia

Deans, Margaret

Ginn, Martha

Henderlite, Virginia

Marshall, Glenora

Ruckman, Frances

Seacrest, Jessie

Taylor, Dixie

Thomas, Allene

Wilkerson, Margaret

Zimmerman, Mary Elizabeth

Choral Club

Aaronson, Virginia
Adams, Pauline
Baylor, Helen
Barker, Anne
Bell, Dorothy
Borden, Rebecca
Bowen, Mary Ellen
Boxley, Virginia
Brown, Elizabeth
Buchanan, Alice
Bull, Virginia
Carpenter, Evelyn
Clement, Ruth
Cook, Eva
Cox, Lucile
Deans, Margaret
Dennis, Jane
Dunlop, Agnes
Folk, Eleanor
Foreman, Margaret
Gage, Margaret
Gates, Mildred
Hancock, Marguerite
Haynes, Shirley
Hargrave, Mary
Harrison, Nina
Hereford, Edwynne
Jackson, Margaret
Johnson, Roger Bell
Kieffer, Virginia
Lewis, Gertrude
Lister, Lucile
Lowman, Virginia
Lory, Anna
Marshall, Mildred
Mitchell, Katie Dale
McCollum, Mary
McDonald, Aitie
Palmer, Marion
Parker, Gladys
Pettyjohn, Macon
Pierce, Gertrude
Pollard, Virginia
Putnam, Elizabeth
Redwine, Ernestine
Richards, Inez
Rhett, Lila
Rumpf, Edythe
Scott, Jean
Scott, Lucie
Seacrest, Jesse
Seibert, Estelle
Stuart, Virginia
Swartzbaugh, Dorothy
Terrell, Agnes
Warfield, Irma
Weller, Pauline
Williams, Fannie
Winn, Mary Gertrude

Dramatic Club

Officers

President ..... Retta Coney

Secretary ..... Agnes Terrell

Treasurer ..... Marion Howe

Members

Avery, Nella
Baylor, Helen
Bell, Dorothy
Bullett, Marion
Brownfield, Eleanor
Foreman, Margaret
Gage, Margaret
Grant, Frances
Hancock, Marguerite
Haynes, Shirley
Hargrave, Mary
Hill, Margaret
Lister, Lucile
McClerkin, Nancy
McCollum, Mary
Mitchell, Katie Dale
Morgan, Vivian
Redwine, Ruth
Rhett, Lila
Shewmake, Anna Harriet
Smith, Augusta
Traylor, Frances
Vaughan, Laura
Warner, Elizabeth
Wier, Venette

Hilltop Club

Frances Allen
Nella Avery
Linda Barrett
Nancy Beach
Eleanor Bennett
Frances Bibbee
Nan Bruen
Marion Bullett
Evelyn Carhart
Evelyn Carpenter
Helen Clarkson
Retta Coney
Eva Cook
Julia Crockett
Virginia Davies
Martha Ginn
Audrey Graves
Martha Griffin
Sara Griffin
Sarah Harvey
Jane Henderson
Margaret Hill
Katherine Howard
Rosalie Hull
Frances Johns
Roger Bell Johnson
Elizabeth Keller
Mabel Matteson
Harriet McLain
Katie Dale Mitchell
Vivian Morgan
Frances Mosely
Geraldine Noell
Lillian Nottingham
Caroline Parkinson
Gertrude Price
Ernestine Redwine
Ruth Redwine
Martha Renfroe
Mary Renfroe
Lila Rhett
Louise Robinson
Margaret Scott
Jessie Seacrest
Anna Harriet Shewmake
Susie Smith
Frances Traylor
Orlean Vandiver

Mona Van Horn

Hill Top Club

Chapel Hall-Main-Sky High Club

Virginia Aaronson
Loraine Arey
Constance Barlow
Helen Baylor
Annie Lee Benton
Dorothy Block
Lilian Block
Mary Bond
Mary Brown
Lucille Chauncey
Nancy Lee Clark
Margaretta Clarke
Rachel Cresswell
Helen Dixon
Elizabeth Dudley
Mary Elisabeth Fisher
Mildred Gates
Lucille Gorin
Mary Hargrave
Frances Harris
Shirley Haynes
Virginia Keiffer
Gertrude Lewis
Frances Lloyd
Anna May Lory
Ruth Mowery
Elizabeth MacConnell
Louise Mitchell
Helen Morgan
Margaret Murray
Mary Nevin
Virginia Pollard
Elizabeth Richardson
Jean Scott
Thelma Stark
Dorothy Swartzbaugh
Edith Watkins
Nancy Watkins
Elizabeth Warner
Vernette Wier

Sky High-Main-Chapel Hall Club

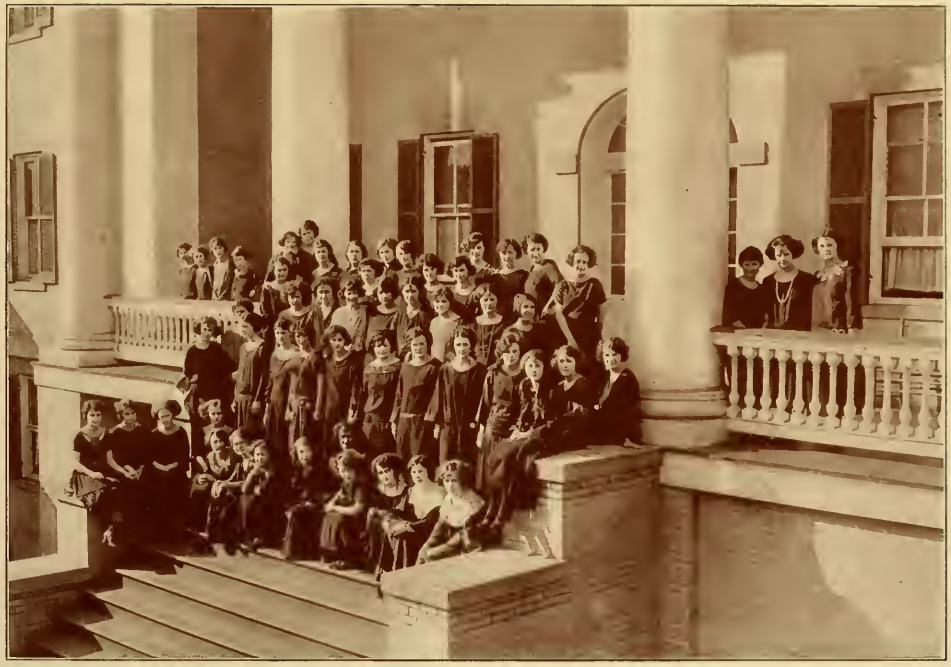
Memorial Club

Pauline Adams
Anne Barker
Mary Goodloe Billings
Louise Bowen
Eleanor Brownfield
Forrest Burkhead
Virginia Campbell
Esther Clark
Ruth Clement
Grace Dunn
Marion Fleming
Juanita Fought
Agnes Frazer
Margaret Gage
Georgia Gainer
Mildred Anne Gill
Marguerite Hancock
Barbara Hagan
Mary Lily Hearne
Virginia Hearne
Edwynne Hereford
Louise Hullihen
Margaret Jackson
Rebecca Jones
Bonnie D. Kelley
Katherine Kirby
Aitie MacDonald
Mary McCullum
Glenora Marshall
Mildred Marshall
Nancy McClerkin
Katherine Messmore
Evelyn Minter
Julia Mulliss
Elizabeth Munday
Marjorie Myer
June Newbold
Evelyn Orr
Marion Palmer
Jessie Gail Pergrin
Kortright Richardson
Katherine See
Estelle Seibert
Cora Smith
Gertrude Smith
Jane Speddin
Virginia Stuart
Louise Ward
Margaret Ward
Irma Warfield
Elizabeth Weidner
Gretchen Wilmoth
Mary Gertrude Winn

Memorial Club

McClung Club

Dorothy Bell
Mary Ellen Bowen
Virginia Boxley
Emma Boxley
Alice Buchanan
Virginia Bull
Alle Carr
Lucy Page Coffman
Lucile Cox
Marion Daniel
Mary Ellen Davis
Margaret Deans
Jane Dennis
Elizabeth Dickerson
Dorothea Dobson
Agnes Dunlop
Creel Durrance
Louise Dyess
Caroline Eagle
Caroline Edmundson
Eleanor Folk
Margarette Foreman
Frances Gatewood
Frances Gotten
Jane Harman
Nina Harrison
Virginia Henderlite
Rachel Henderlite
Marion Howe
Elsie Jones
Lois Lampkin
Frances Leys
Lucile Lister
Virginia Lowman
Rocier Martin
Lucille McAshan
Mary McAshan
Mary C. Patterson
Catherine Peatross
Macon Pettyjohn
Gertrude Pierce
Elizabeth Potter
Elizabeth Putnam
Inez Richards
Hazel Rumpf
Edythe Rumpf
Lucie Scott
Viola Symons
Josaphine Symons
Augusta Smith
Helen Smith
Douglas Summers
Agnes Terrell
Maurine Tulley
Laura Vaughan
Margaret Wilkerson
Fannie Williams
Mary Elizabeth Zimmerman



McClung Club

Cotillion Club

Officers

President ..... Gertrude Pierce

Secretary and Treasurer ..... Elsie Jones

Members

Avery, Nella
Adams, Pauline
Bell, Dorothy
Benson, Sue
Billings, Mary Goodloe
Boxley, Emma
Boxley, Virginia
Bull, Virginia
Bullett, Marion
Buchanan, Alice
Barrett, Linda
Beach, Nancy
Baylor, Helen
Brown, Dorothy
Brownfield, Eleanor
Bond, Mary
Coffman, Lucy Page
Coney, Retta
Cox, Lucile
Carr, Alle
Campbell, Virginia
Clarkson, Helen
Clark, Nancy Lee
Deans, Margaret
Dennis, Jane
Dunn, Grace
Edmundson, Caroline
Folk, Eleanor
Foreman, Margarete
Fisher, Mary Elisabeth
Gage, Margaret
Gotten, Frances
Griffin, Sara
Gates, Mildred
Gorin, Lucille
Ginn, Martha
Harman, Jane
Harrison, Nina
Hargrave, Mary
Haynes, Shirley
Hereford, Edwynne
Henderson, Jane
Hill, Margaret
Howe, Marion
Hull, Rosalie
Jones, Rebecca
Johns, Frances
Keller, Elizabeth
Leys, Frances
Lister, Lucile
Maxwell, Anna
Martin, Rocier
McAshan, Lucille
McAshan, Mary
McClerkin, Nancy
McCullum, Mary
McDonald, Atie
Morgan, Helen
Morgan, Vivian
Mitchell, Katie Dale
Newbold, June
Orr, Evelyn
Patterson, Mary Campbell
Pettyjohn, Macon
Putnam, Elizabeth
Potter, Elizabeth
Rhett, Lila
Rumpf, Edythe
Rumpf, Hazel
Renfroe, Martha
Renfroe, Mary
Richardson, Virginia
Smith, Augusta
Summers, Douglas
Smith, Susie
Terrell, Agnes
Traylor, Frances
Vaughan, Laura
Warner, Elizabeth
Williams, Fannie
Wier, Vernette
Wilkerson, Margaret

Cotillion Club

CARRIAGE and DEPORTMENT

E. ORR
ATHLETICS

The Athletic

Association

Athletic Council

Faculty Adviser ..... Miss Priscilla Bones

Officers

President ..... Elsie Jones

Vice-President ..... Retta Coney

Secretary and Treasurer ..... Estelle Seibert

Members

Helen Baylor

Frances Leys

Gertrude Pierce

Edythe Rumpf

Elizabeth Warner

ATHLETIC
COUNCIL

Yellow Basketball Team

Rheta Coney ..... *Captain*

Lila Rhett

Mary Hargrave

Virginia Bull

Agnes Frazier

Edythe Rumpf

White Basketball Team

Helen Baylor
Captain

Marion Bullett
Vernette Wier
Margaret Deans
Eleanor Folk
Frances Harris

Yellow Baseball Team

Virginia Bull
Agnes Frazier
Rheta Coney
Mary Hargrave
Lucy Page Coffman
Elsie Jones
Margaret Gage
Lillian Nottingham
Edythe Rumpf

White Baseball Team

Helen Baylor
Marion Bullett
Mary Renfroe
Eleanor Folk
Mildred Gates
Laura Vaughan
Vernette Wier
Margaret Deans
Frances Johns

Prizes for Bluestocking Work

Best Short Story, offered by Palais Royal, won by
MARION TOWNSEND HOWE

Best Poem, offered by Beverly Book Co., won by
FRANCES GRANT

Best Kodak Picture, Offered by H. L. Lang & Co., won by
THELMA STARKE

Best Art Work, offered by Mr. Thomas Hogshead, won by
LUCY PAGE COFFMAN

Honorable Mention
DOROTHY BLOCK

Belonging

As the train thundered and shrieked its way through the black night and grey misty morning—speeding swiftly towards New York, Mary Rich stirred in her upper berth and sighed happily. She cuddled her hand against her cheek and looked out into the gloom, broken here and there by murky yellow rays of light, and her eyes were full of dreams and her lips sweet with a smile of anticipation. To be in New York again tomorrow! Was she only dreaming as she had done so many times those last fifteen years? Was she really going to see again the busy hustling, noisy city, and to be one of its people? She actually pinched herself as she had often done as a child to see if she were awake. Yet, it was true—on her way to New York, ready to start in again where she had left off those fifteen long years ago, ready to forget the bitterness, the loneliness, and the sting of those years of sacrifice in which the thought of her two years of earning her own living in New York had been the crimson flash of life and color in an otherwise grey existence. That all too brief stay in New York had been well worth the efforts she had been forced to make to get them. Her narrow "deep-in-a-rut" family had objected so emphatically and had made her going away so unpleasant, that she still shuddered at the thought of the bitter words that had been said. The fifteen years that she had taken care of her father when her mother had died, were made harder by the memory of those words. All of her hardness against her mother had melted away when she got the telegram telling of her death, but her father—well—he was dead now, and she was free again. She didn't think much about him, only felt glad that she hadn't let her "Main Street" dominate and crush her—and thankful for the courage and bravery of purpose that was sending her back to New York.

When the train pulled in the next morning a neatly—too-neatly—dressed middle-aged woman was one of the first to get off. Holding tightly to her suit case, she walked quickly into the big Grand Central Station. Her breath escaped in a little whistling sigh of pleasure and relief. All just as she had left it. The same business men rushing from train to business, the mother with two or three small children hurrying off to the country, the same wonderful heavenly blue ceiling where little stars of light would shine and twinkle out at night. Mary dropped her bag and gazed about her, drinking in the familiar sights and sounds. How wonderful life was! She came out of her reverie with a start. Two young girls passed her, stared at her, and giggled. Mary blushed for their short skirts, their remarkable coiffures, their painted faces. "Doc" Smith's daughter at home was the talk of the town, but she wasn't nearly as bad as these girls. Why, they—Mary caught herself with a start. She mustn't act as if she had never been to New York before, like a "country hick." She picked up her suit case and went out into the busy August day, setting out for her old boarding house on Twenty-third Street.

A neatly-capped maid, instead of Mrs. Berdsall ,answered the door and in answer to her startled inquiry told her Mrs. Berdsall would see her in the parlor. Instead of the stout, obliging landlady she had known—Mary was now confronted by a Mrs. Berdsall too elegantly dressed in one of the latest "stylish-stouts," her hair permanently waved, and her obligingness cooled to condescending chilliness. However, she managed to let Mary have her old room, which had remained the same except for new wall-paper, for ten dollars more than she had paid before. Mary paid her and looked out of her window with a sigh of content. Across the way was the little antique shop where old Papa Vanelli lovingly dusted over his treasures while he talked his voluble Italian-English to you. She wondered if he was still there and if little Bobby still lived next door. Why, he was grown up now, perhaps married and gone away. Papa Vanelli must surely be too old to be in the store. Perhaps he was gone, too. Mary realized sharply the long time she had been away. Who were her friends? Of course, there was Mr. Pratt, fussy, funny, irritable Mr. Pratt, whom she had worked for and who would take her back; and Catherine Ellis, who had Mary's old position as secretary to Mr. Pratt. Mary smiled again happily. She would find her old friends again and make new ones too. She looked out over the houses, down the water front until her eyes found the Statue of Liberty—her strength in many a former bad hour, and something of the majesty and purpose and courage that it represented communicated itself to her, and she went out to interview Mr. Pratt, fortified by a new-found strength and determination.

Mr. Pratt leaned back in his chair and looked at her over his glasses. "What have you been doing these last years? Any new experience in our line?" he barked at her.

"Why—no—didn't Miss Ellis tell you? Father had a stroke shortly after mother's death, and was an almost helpless invalid. I was very much tied down. I practised now and then at typewriting, but nothing very much." Mary looked down at her hands—toil-worn—that had lost their look of deft quickness.

"Kept your knowledge of Spanish up? Can you translate well?"

Mary felt herself being relentlessly carried out on a sea of obstacles. "Why, no, it wasn't possible to use it in my daily life, and I had very little time. I'm sure it will all come back to me, though, in time."

Mr. Pratt rose abruptly and paced the floor. "My dear Miss Rich—you do not know what you are saying. Come back, at your age, after your mind has stagnated for fifteen years? Never. Do you know the new words in the world, efficiency, age of specialists, the intelligence test, mental alertness, and above all, emancipation of woman? This war is bringing out hidden talent in millions of women. And out of the many only the trained minds can be used. I am sorry, Miss Rich, sorry because I know your life, but I cannot offer you a position, and I most strongly advise you to go back where you will fit in."

Mary rose blindly. Her mind and head were reeling. Mr. Pratt, her one

refuge, was deserting her. "Back where you will fit in." Back to that narrow, ugly, little town, back to the complacent, smug people who said "ain't" and read Sinclair Lewis, back to all the memories she hated and loathed? She flung back her head at the thought. She would prove how utterly wrong they were. She *would* come back!!

Three weeks later Mary sat in the office of an employment agency, waiting. It was hot and dirty and smelled strongly of bad whiskey, an odor that an Irish cook had left in her wake. Mary, herself, looked wilted and rather forlorn, but still determined. She had long ago given up the idea of stenography. She would do almost anything now. This time she had been sent for to be interviewed for the position of cook in a girl's school. She would do anything as long as she might stay in New York.

When Mary saw the interviewer her heart sank. Efficiency was in the very angle of her severe sailor hat.

"What experience have you had, Miss Rich?"

"None, outside of my own house."

"How large was your family?"

"Just two," with a sinking feeling near the pit of her stomach.

"Huh. What education?"

"Grammar school, and high school secretarial course."

"Is that all? I'm afraid we can't use you, Miss—ah—Rich, but I will remember you in case we should need you in the future."

Mary turned away silently, too disheartened even to answer. How well she knew those easy "letting-downs." How familiar were the words, "I am sorry, Miss——" that rang in her ears at night. She couldn't get away from them. This offer was her last hope. She had already spent more money than was prudent and there wasn't a situation in sight. On every hand, all about her, were the signs of a new order. In her brain, as on a glaring bill-board, were stamped the words, higher education, specialize, training, experience. One even had to specialize in cooking in this new day and age. Mary slowly climbed the stairs that led to her room and dropped, like a hurt animal, into a chair. What was left for her to do? She looked out of the window at the strange children playing—unfriendly children who did not talk with her as Bobby had done. She stared dully at the three gold balls that Hung over Papa Vanelli's shop, at the bustling young man who was sweeping off the sidewalk, and slowly her eyes searched for the Statue that had so often renewed her courage and confidence, but the August sun sent down a shimmering curtain of heat that hung between them, and Mary could only make out the arm and hand that seemed to her straining and tear-filled eyes to waver and fade away with the rest.

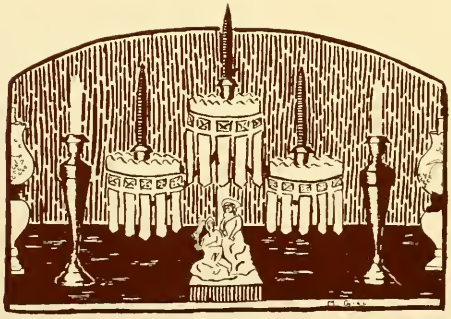
The next day, on the usual commuter's train out of Grand Central a timid, discouraged, middle-aged woman sat huddled down in the corner of one of the seats. She kept her gaze fixed out of the window, as though fearful of seeing

someone she knew. But she was not to be spared. A tall, hearty man, making his way slowly through the train, stopped in surprise at seeing her, and stopped to talk.

"Well, Mary, what's this? Coming back to us again? Ain't New York good enouh for you, or do you just want to get cooled off? Je-rusalem, ain't it hot, though?"

"It certainly is, Ferd. No, I'm not coming back just to get cool. I'm leaving New York for good and coming back to where—I fit in!" And in the bravery and sudden sweetness of her smile, Ferd did not see the longing tears that sprang into her eyes.

Marion Townsend Howe.



A Quest

We, for the most part, go through life content
With what the passing years may bring—
Excepting those who all their time have spent
In seeking wealth, and such material things.
We know not whence we come—or why,
Content throughout the years just to exist—
And so we live our lives—then die,
Unknowing what great joys we may have missed.

Yet I—I search for some one thing
To fill a strange, great longing of my soul;
Or is it, perchance, my soul I seek?—years bring
My quest no nearer to the goal.
Perhaps 'tis happiness, or love—some great desire
Or paths to fame, as yet untrod—
Perhaps to some great, finer glory I aspire
—Or is it God?

—Frances Grant.

Pertaining to Business

At last the day had dawned! I had waited an age-long Saturday and a Sunday that seemed nine-tenths of eternity and had gone to bed possessed of a firm conviction that Fate had tricked me and was planning to skip Monday entirely. Therefore I fell asleep wrapped in bitterness of soul. But only a moment after I closed my eyes I opened them again to find it really Monday. The sun was shining in my window just as it had done countless mornings before, but it seemed to me that this morning it shone a little brighter—a little hotter. But it was a small matter to me that the sun chose to make himself a nuisance on this day; in fact I took it to be a part of the general celebration, for you see, I was going into business!

School had turned out in June as usual, but it left me in a peculiar state of mind, caused by my promotion. When I gazed on that piece of pasteboard and realized that it meant that I had passed the rank of Sophomore and was to be a Junior the next year, I was awed by my own importance, because Juniors really are important in High School. The Freshmen are persecuted, the Sophomores are ignored, but the Juniors—well, being next thing to a Senior is bound to have weight even with the Faculty. It also made me realize that I was growing up! Here I was, almost fifteen years old and an almost Junior in High School—and I never had done anything important. I tell you, it made me feel that it was time I was stirring around and making my mark in the world.

So one morning at breakfast I told my Daddy that I had decided to go to work. At first he didn't pay much attention to me, just told me to go ahead and help Mother all I wanted to 'cause he reckoned she needed it. But when I told him that I didn't mean just play-work, that what I really wanted to do was to go into business with him, he sat up very straight and listened with all his might. I told him all I felt about being a Junior and all, and then he asked me if I had thought seriously on all that a business career entailed. I wasn't quite sure what he meant, but I told him yes, I had thought it all out, and while I knew I was young I thought now was a good time to make a beginning. Daddy said he didn't think my youth would be a handicap 'cause being a Junior and all would help a lot. I was feeling almost sad, but awful good, like a martyr or something. He didn't say anything about salary and I didn't either, because I didn't know whether business people did that or not.

So that special Monday morning I dressed as near like a business woman as I could consider my clothes. I knew I reall needed a shirtwaist and skirt, but as I didn't have one I put on my plainest and most starchy linen dress. Even that had blue collars and cuffs with frills, but I had to bear that, even though I knew it wasn't suitable because I was kind of scared to cut them off. Anyway the dress would have looked funny without them. When I went down to break-

fast I was surprised to find my family as calm as if nothing was going to happen, but I noticed Daddy seemed to have an awfully bad cough. Every time he'd look at Mother he'd choke and have to put his napkin to his mouth and then he'd cough like everything.

When we started to go, he turned and said: "I forot to tell you that the car is out of fix, Mary Patsy. Would you rather wait to go to work till it's fixed?" But I told him no, I reckoned I wouldn't mind walking 'cause I knew that business people had lots of worries. Daddy coughed a whole lot then. I was beginning to be afraid he was taking the whooping-cough or something.

I had no idea it was so far to the Court House and even that early in the morning the sun was hot as anything. After we had walked about two miles, I reckon, we came to it, and I was pretty glad, 'cause I was kind of tired. But we didn't go straight in, 'cause Daddy had to go around to every bunch of men in the hall and talk to every one. And to everyone he'd say: "And this is my daughter, who has consented to be my stenographer!"

Some of them laughed, others just played like they didn't hear, and the ones who looked like my Daddy would bow and shake hands with me. I liked them, but I was getting ready to work, I didn't think it was right to fool away all this time. I didn't know what they were talking about but I heard something about Court, so I knew somebody was being tried.

After a while Daddy finished and we went to the office. Over in one corner was a ducky little table with a typewriter on it, and Daddy said that was my desk. He brought me lots of pencils and paper and a long printed thing that he said was a mortgage and told me to copy it on the type-writer. He put the paper in the machine and told me what buttons to use and then he sat down at his desk, which was in the center of the room. Before he started to work he said: "Of course, you know Mary Patsy, I'm in politics, so I can't offer you a partnership, but if you find you like the work I'll be glad to manage a campaign for any office you decide to run for."

That opened a new train of thought to me. I hadn't really considered a political career, but it had its possibilities. I started to work on my mortgage, but somehow I didn't get along so fast, because I couldn't seem to find the right letters. About nine-thirty a lady came in and Daddy introduced her to me as his stenographer. She went into the office back of ours and in a minute I heard an awful clicking sound. I peeked around the corner of the door to see what she was doing. She was staring at a paper on her desk and her hands were playing on a type-writer faster than Mother can play a piano. I never saw anybody write so fast.

About ten o'clock Daddy said he was going up to the Court room, and if any one called him or came to the office, for me to tell them where he was. This made me feel some better. Even if I couldn't write so fast I knew where Daddy was and the lady didn't. And then it seemed like everybody in town wanted my

Daddy; the phone rang so often that it sounded like one continuous peal. And in between that, people would come in. One nice old negro man came in and stood by the desk for a long time without saying anything. I didn't say anything either —'cause I didn't know what to say. Finally he coughed and shuffled his feet and said: "Missy is de Clerk of de Superior Courts on de premises?"

I had never heard of anybody like that before. "What did you say?" I asked.

"De Clerk of de Superior Courts," repeated the old man firmly.

"I don't know who you mean, 'cause this is my Daddy's office, and he isn't here!"

"Yas'm. Well, I 'lows as how I'll wait till he comes. Kin dis old nigger set down, Missy? I'se walked a mighty fur ways, I is, and ain't so young as I onc't was."

I told him he could sit down, but I didn't see what he wanted to wait for, 'cause he seemed to be in the wrong place.

After I had answered the telephone a few more hundred times the door opened and a man came in. He had the reddest nose and hair I ever saw, and he looked like he had been crying.

"Mornin', lady!" he said.

"Good morning, sir," I replied.

"Is Mr. Joe in?" he asked.

"No, sir, he is in the Court room. Could I take a message for him?"

He stared at me a minute and then he went to the door and beckoned and a woman in a large pink hat and a much beruffled organdy dress came in carrying a little baby with a downy red head, and following her was a line of six red-headed children ranging from thirteen on down. All of them looked like they had been crying.

The man and woman whispered together and then he turned to me again: "Would ye mind tellin' when Mister Joe'll be back?"

"I don't know, sir. It's just according to how long court lasts."

"Wal, I reckon we'll be a-waitin' fer him," and he proceeded to sit down. And so did the lady with the pink hat and the baby. And so did the six little red heads. Only there weren't enough chairs, so they had to sit on the floor.

When twelve o'clock came I began to wonder if Daddy was ever coming back. I was hungry, and the red-headed children were sniffling and the baby was crying, and I was tired of hearing them. And I didn't have time to do the mortgage, because the phone kept on ringing so often. After a little the lady who wrote so fast came to the door and said I'd better go to lunch and she'd wait till I came back. I kind of hated to leave her there alone, but I certainly was hungry, so I told her I'd hurry.

When I got home everybody asked me how I was getting along. I told 'em all right, but that we were awful busy 'cause Court was going on. The car was

fixed, so I didn't have to walk back through the hot sun, for which I was very grateful.

When I got back I found everything just as I had left it. The old negro man was sitting in the same corner, only he was asleep, and the six little redheads were grouped on the floor around their mother and daddy, and all were sniffling quite as busily as before. But the baby had gone to sleep, so it wasn't crying any more.

The lady who wrote so fast took her hat and said she'd be back pretty soon. I told her not to hurry, 'cause the sun was awful hot, and it really was. It was about the hottest afternoon I have ever felt, and I was so sleepy I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what Daddy was doing up in the Court room, but I did think he ought to come on down and see about these people who wanted him. Once I almost went to sleep, but I caught myself just in time by thinking about what the stenographer lady would think if she should find me asleep when she came back. I didn't dare try to work on the mortgage, 'cause I knew I'd go to sleep then for sure. And then, I decided I'd just go up to the Court room and see if I could catch Daddy's eye. I ha dseen Court rooms in the moving pictures and knew all about them. Of course, Daddy hadn't exactly invited me up, but then he hadn't told me I couldn't come, so there really wasn't any reason why I shouldn't go. So I got up and told the people in the room that I would be right back.

I didn't know where the Court room was, but decided it must be upstairs, and so I went up to the second story. I thought the floor looked awful dirty, and I wouldn't touch the bannisters for anything. At the top of the stairs was a big door and a long hall with a smaller door at the end. I decided to try the little door first, so I went down the hall and opened the door a little crack and peeked in. There was a little fat man with an awful red face and a big tall man with a black mustache, and both of 'em had big pistols in their hand. There were about five or six other men and women in the room, but the only ones I saw in my hasty glance were two men with pistols. One was a negro with mud all over his clothes, and the other was a white man with a convict suit on. He was in chains.

I backed out of there 'bout as quick as I could. I don't think anybody saw me; if they did they didn't say anything. I ran back down the hall as fast as I could, and by the time I reached the big door my knees were shaking so I could hardly walk. I stood there a minute till I kind of caught my breath, then I pushed open that door a little. It was an awful long room with lots of benches in it and I knew it was a court room, 'cause down at the end was the judge's pulpit. And right down in front of it at a table my Daddy was sitting, writing like fury. There weren't very many people in there and no one was near the back, so I slipped in and sat down in the corner of the backest bench. Just as I sat down the judge said:

"The next case on docket, Mr. Clerk!"

And my Daddy stood up and read something off a paper and then in a minute they brought in the negro with the muddy clothes that I had seen in the little room. He sat down in the chair and some men asked him a lot of questions, and then one man made a long speech 'bout how this negro ought to be put in jail because he had run away from the convict camp two years before time for him to go. He told all about how the negro had been caught stealing a whole lot of money and ought to be put back in jail for a long time. It was an awful good speech, and I thought sure he'd be put in jail for about fifty years or more, when up got another man, and he made an awful loud speech and begged everybody not to put the poor negro back in jail 'cause he didn't know any better than to run away from the convict camp. In the moving pictures they always had a jury, but they didn't in this court, and so when the man had finished making his speech the judge got up and said a lot of big words to the negro, and then said seein' as how he didn't know any better, he could go back to the convict camp and stay his two years that he had already, and six more months for running away. I felt kind of sorry for him when they took him away but forgot all about him in a minute, 'cause the next person they brought in was the white man in chains.

They made lots of speeches then, and I found out that the man had been caught hoboing on a freight train and had been put on the chain gang for a year. And then he had run away two months 'fore his time was up. And one man told the judge why he ought to be put back on the gang for a long time, and another told why he shouldn't have such a long time. I got sort of tired of listening, 'cause they used such big words, and anyway I didn't see any use arguing it, 'cause they knew they wouldn't make him stay in jail long, so I looked about the room some. The walls were kind of grey and smoky looking, and everything looked dusty. And there were cob-webs all over the ceiling. There was one specially long one that hung down right over the chair where the man with the chains sat, and every time the electric fan on the wall would swing around, the cob-web would tremble just like it was going to fall. Every time it shook a little bit more and I got to watching it so closely that I forgot to listen to the men. But when the judge got up, I listened. After he'd made a speech he told the man that he was awful sorry for him, but that he knew better, and because he had tried to cheat the law by running away before his time was up he'd have to serve two months and a year and a half besides!

The man stood and stared at him for a second, and then he sank down in his chair and his chains clanked like everything. He put his face in his hands, and just then the electric fan hit the cob-web again, and this time it fell. It fell down on the man's head and shoulders and I almost heard it clank as it fell.

I looked at my Daddy, and he was sitting up very straight with his fist on the table and his face was red and his lips all tight. And then the judge looked at everybody like he dared them to say anything, and then he said real sharply, "Court is adjourned!"

And everybody stood up while the judge went out. While everybody was moving around I slipped out the door and ran back down stairs into the office. I sat down at my desk, and then I found out I was crying. Before I could stop I heard people coming down the steps and I looked around for a place to hide, 'cause I didn't want them to see me crying. I couldn't find any place, so I slipped down behind the table that had my type-writer on it as Daddy came in talking to a bunch of men.

I never have seen Daddy so mad. He sounded like he was talking through his teeth, and then all of them were talking at once. All of a sudden they stopped and I looked around the corner of the table and saw the two men that had the pistols bringing in the negro and white man that had to go back to jail. And then Daddy asked the negro his name and age and a lot of stuff and sent him into the other office to be measured. And then he asked the white man the same questions. The boy answered him staring straight ahead like he was walking in his sleep. When Daddy finished writing, he wheeled 'round in his chair and looked at him a minute and then he jumped up and shook his hand and said: "It's too bad, old man. I'm sorry. Two years isn't a life time, you know."

The boy looked at him as if he couldn't believe his ears, and then started crying. I had never seen a man cry before, and it made me cry that much harder. Daddy put his hand on his shoulder, and in a minute the boy said in a funny thick voice: "I wouldn't a-minded hit so much if they hadn't a-put these here chains on me. I ain't never done nothin' to nobody——" and then he raised his head and looked at Daddy. The tears were running down his cheeks as he said: "They didn't put none on that nigger."

And then they took him away, and as he went out the door, he turned and said: "I'm much obliged to you, sir, fer shakin' hands like a man. It helped a lot."

And then I saw on Daddy's coat sleeve the cob-web that had fallen on the man in the Court room.

As they went out the men started talking again. I forgot to cry, I was so interested. One of them said: "Simms ought to know by now that he's going to lose every case that Wilson sits on——"

And Daddy interrupted him:

"A man that can't leave personal quarrels out of a thing like this ought to be kicked out of office! How he could give that poor boy eighteen months after giving that criminal nigger six months! By gad, sir—when politics come to that——!"

He stopped all of a sudden, I suppose I must have sniffed or something, 'cause he came over to my desk and found me sitting on the floor behind it. If he noticed I'd been crying, he didn't say anything. He just picked me up and said: "Hello, this is *fine* business, finding my trusty stenographer asleep on the job! Well, no wonder! Look at the time. All good business people knock off at half-past four, and here it is nearly five. I tell you what, it's not often you'll find

a stenographer that'll stick to the job like this. I don't know what I'd have done without you today, Mary Patsy."

He looked at his watch again. I reckon you can go now, Mary Patsy, and will you tell your mother I'll be late to supper because I'm awfully busy getting up your pay-roll—and other things?"

I went, but I kind of hated to go, because as a business woman I felt like I ought to know what they were going to say about politics and judges and a'l.

KATIE DALE MITCHELL.

When the sun sinks lower, lower,
Streaking western skies.
With its tints of purple, crimson
Reflected in your glowing eyes.
When the wind stirs softly, softly,
Through the grass and through the trees,
In your face there is a radiance
Which none, save me, watching sees.

—EVELYN CARPENTER.

March the Twenty-first

The wind is blowing today, today,
And there's never a cloud in the sky,
The long cold winter has slipped away
And springtime surely is nigh.

The red buds are out on the maple trees,
And green points are thrust through the ground
Where the hyacinths and the fleur-de-les
In a few more weeks will be found.

The robins are hopping across the lawn
Where the dandelion lifts its bright head,
For now, defeated old winter has gone,
And the young Spring reigns in his stead.

And so to the Spring let all honor abound,
Let the welkin with praise of her ring,
For the glory and beauty she scatters around.
Oh, the gladness and joy of Spring!

—Katherine See.

Lines to

You stood there
In the distance
On a lofty mountain
Offering me untold
Gain.

I journeyed many a month towards
That mount of friendship,
But found when I reached it
A barren
Plain.

—Dorothy Block.

The Kindness of Lydia

The art of transplanting anything successfullly is quite difficult; if one is well versed in the work, the plant will live and flourish, provided it has constant care. Yet more often, it refuses to become accustomed to its new surroundings and conditions, and no matter how much care it receives, it will eventually droop, and wither away.

When their daughter undertook to transplant old man Henderson and his wife from the low, rambling brick house in the midst of hundreds of blue-grass acres, to the noisy bustle of the enterprising small city in which she lived, she failed to understand the hidden, unexpressed yearning that appeared on their faces when the subject was mentioned. She thought she was being a dutiful daughter by thus doing the very best thing for them. Everybody agreed that it *was* the very best thing—the couple were growing old, they could not care for the large house and farm, and no reliable servants could be obtained—and so they told Lydia what a noble thing she was doing in taking her mother and father into her well-ordered home. It was wonderful, in a way—for who wants to be burdened with old people these days?

And so Lydia swelled with self-admiration as she brought the old couple to town one Sunday morning in her car. It was only after an hour of persuading, pleading, and begging on the part of Lydia that old man Henderson consented to enter the automobile—and then she had to promise that Jim, the negro man who stayed at the place, would bring his horse to town the very first thing the next morning. "I wouldn't give one good thoroughbred for a million of these pesky machines," grunted the old man, as he gingerly relaxed on the soft-cushioned seat. Mrs. Henderson said very little, though her eyes turned back often toward the place she was leaving—where she and Tom had been so happy; where they had raised their children, facing the struggles of life fearlessly together. Still, she mused, it was so sweet of Lydia to want them—it showed she was thinking of their welfare. . . . . .

When the car stopped in front of the pretentious stucco house on Ashland Avenue, Lydia got out, holding the door open for her father and mother. The old man hesitated; his wife leaned over and patted his hand.

"Come, Tom," she said gently, "we're here," and he aroused himself and climbed out of the car.

Thus the old people, already in the evening of life, were placed in a strange, new environment, and, at first, they were bewildered. Old man Henderson hated the whole house—especially the living room. There wasn't a comfortable chair in it, he declared to himself. He greatly preferred their own bed-room, which Lydia had condescendingly permitted them to fix up with their own furniture, taken from their room in the old brick house. It was here that he spent most of his time—it was the only place in which he could smoke in comfort.

With Mrs. Henderson, it was different. Whether women are more adaptable, or whether she really liked it—at any rate, the gentle little woman, with her silvery hair, entered gaily into her new life—going with Lydia shopping, calling—even to bridge parties. What she enjoyed most, though, was riding down town in the car, and sitting in it—alone—when it was parked on the side of the street. She delighted to watch the endless stream of people passing up and down Main Street—never tiring of wondering the why and whither of their ceaseless passing.

She could not persuade Tom to accompany her on any of those trips, however—the only way he would go down town was on horseback, despite the warnings of Lydia. People soon came to regard him as a fixture in their daily lives—the straight, military figure of the grey-haired old man, riding through the streets on his big bay saddle-horse. He liked to do this—it pleased him to imagine that Time had slippped back sixty-five or seventy years—and he was a young man in a gray cavalry uniform, galloping up to the hotel, and striding in like a general.

But, alas! he was eighty-five, the gray uniform had long since served as rations to an army of moths, and the hotel—once a low, frame structure—was now a veritable palace of stone and mortar. And old man Henderson knew that he would be arrested by the first "cop" if he attempted to gallop Major down Main Street.

But one day—it was court-day, and the streets were crowded—the old man, on his high-spirited horse, got crowded between two street-cars and would have been killed had not some one caught hold of the frightened horse's bridle and led him to safety up a quiet street. Henderson never meant to tell any of them about it at home, but as luck would have it, Frank Crawford—Lydia's husband—had seen the whole thing from the window of his office, and of course told his wife that evening when he came home.

"Father shouldn't ride any more," he remarked. "He's getting old, and it's too dangerous." Lydia agreed, and so, back to the farm went Major, despite the old man's protests.

Frank, like Lydia, was good to his father-in-law, and thought he was doing the best thing for him—but Henderson, in his heart, never forgave him for depriving him of his only pleasure. Frank was a broker—and though he sometimes played the races a little too heavily—was a thoroughly good man—a fine man, thought old man Henderson; the only thing against him was that he was "a damned Yankee!"

After this, Henderson wandered around as if lost—he didn't care to walk down town; the crowd jostled him too much, and he couldn't see anything—so he took to making short walks around the neighborhood. Thus, one day, he discovered something that gave him a new interest in life.

In walking through the city park, he came upon a group of old men discussing vociferously the topics of the day—though more often "recollectin' past events." They invited old man Henderson to join them, and he entered into

their discussions with eagerness. They soon found that he could tell more "tales" than any of them, and they let him talk. They even formed, among themselves, what they called "The Old Gentlemen's Club." This was the happiest day of his life—when old Judge Harper arose, leaning on his stick, and announced that "Mr. Thomas Shelby Henderson" was president, because, he remarked, turning to old man Henderson, "Suh, you are the finest Kentucky gentleman of us all." Henderson's eyes glowed; he got up, straightened his military figure to its full height. "I thank you, gentlemen," he said, "God grant I may always be worthy of that tribute."

They met every afternoon, and each day they discussed important subjects. They told each other, disgustedly, how the government should be run, what should be done about the tariff—they even thought of forming a committee to "clean up" the Senate, as they expressed it. Of course, they never did, and their opinions meant *nothing to nobody*, yet it brought them unalloyed satisfaction. More often, though, wearying of this, they would turn to old man Henderson, and say: "Now, suh, let's have a story about the good old days." And he would acquiesce proudly. "I'll never forget the day Morgan took charge of the Lexington Rifles, gentlemen," and the old gentlemen would lean forward eagerly. This was their favorite.

But the summer days soon passed, and it grew too cold to come to the park. They told each other goodbye sadly, and said, "Next spring——"; yet they knew some of them would never see "next spring." Henderson, himself, was stunned. Why, he had thought this would go on forever—to be without the "Club" was like being without meat and drink. As the weeks passed, he realized more and more what it meant to him.

At first, he would try to talk to Frank's friends when they came to the house—but no one cared to hear his stories of the Confederate days, and when he ventured a remark on current topics, they stared at him in surprise, then began talking of something else.

Even Lucy, his wife, refused to humor him—she, with Lydia, was lost in a whirl of clubs, receptions, and card parties—and seemed to forget the lonely old man, who wandered through the house aimlessly. Finally, his loneliness developed in his heart one great longing—to go back to the old brick house, the only place on earth that would ever be home for him. His longing obsessed his whole being—until, at last, Mrs. Henderson and Lydia, coming home late one night from a concert, found him delirious, tossing on his bed in a high fever.

They were frightened—and Lydia ran to call the doctor, while his wife took his hot hand in her old trembling one, and called him, anxiously—but to no avail. He stared at her with wild eyes, then turned toward the wall, muttering incoherent words.

The doctor, a self-important specialist, pronounced it typhoid—and Mrs. Henderson was frantic. She had neglected him, she had been so wrapt up in her

new life that she had left Tom entirely to himself—if he died—she broke into tears on Lydia's shoulder.

"Nonsense, Mother," she comforted her, "it was as much my fault as yours."

The days dragged on; old man Henderson grew no better, nor no worse—though he recognized no one. Then one night, his fever went suddenly higher; he talked incessantly. The physician came, but said he could do nothing—that time would tell. Mrs. Henderson, again the gentle little woman of the farm days, sat by her husband's bed, holding his burning hand, and listening to his delirium, each word gripping her heart.

"Don't go to the lecture, Lucy; stay with me. I never see you any more." Again—"Why don't you all come to the park any more, gentlemen? Did I ever tell you about the time we crossed the Cumberland, and made that raid in Ohio? Yankees right behind us, too——" or, breaking off, he would start something else. "Lucy, did Jim get enough hands to break the hemp? Why wasn't I there? I'm so tired of these street cars and these pesky old machines—where's Major?—Lucy, let's go home—home—no, no—you don't love me any more——" And she would interrupt, crying:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, don't say that! I do love you, I do! We'll go home, when you get well——"

He looked at her, the light of understanding dawning in his eyes. "Home?" he repeated, slowly.

"Yes, yes, Tom. As soon as you get well——"

From that time, he grew better—better and happpier—for, during his convalescent days, his wife sat by his side and knitted, while he "talked" in his customary way.

Then, one day, he noticed that she had on her hat, and upon asking what it meant, she answered nervously: "I'm going to make a call with Lydia."

He said nothing, and she went on. Thus it happened on other occasions, and so, each day that passed, she was with him less—until, at last, he rarely ever saw her. He was practically well, and finally, one day, timidly broached the subject of going home, as she was preparing to go out some place.

"Home!" she answered, surprised. "Why, Tom, dear, you know that's out of the question entirely. There are no servants—you and I can't take care of things. We had better remain here."

Surprised, he regarded her wonderingly.

"But, when I was sick, you said——"

"'Yes, I know, Tom. I had to do that—can't you understand? Now, goodbye, dear—or I'll be late for Mrs. Van Arsdall's reception. And don't say anything to Lydia—it hurts her if you seem unhappy." And she left.

Thus people, unwittingly, can destroy the most cherished dreams.

Robbed of this last hope, Henderson became again the lonely old man he had been before his illness, rarely ever leaving the house. Dimly, he saw the long,

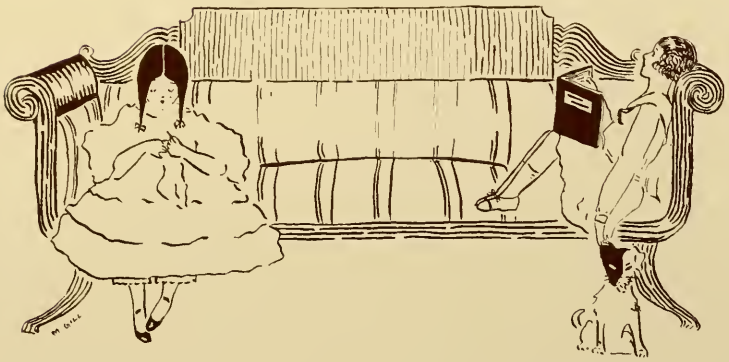
empty years before him—but, strangely enough, he did not experience any poignant pain or disappointment—he was beyond that.

So he sat, day by day, near the open fire in the living room—he had once hated it, but it did not matter now. He liked to watch the glowing embers—burning slowly, then dying down, one by one. It reminded him of those old campfires of the long ago—yet now, he attempted to tell his thought to no one.

Frank's and Lydia's friends, coming in and out, scarcely noticed the old man in the corner. They would speak to him hurriedly, then after they had left, say to one another:

"How good it is of Lydia to take care of her poor old father! I wouldn't do it!"

FRANCES GRANT.



PRETTIEST - KATIE DALE MITCHELL

MOST POPULAR - ELSIE JONES

BEST DANCER - LUCILE LISTER

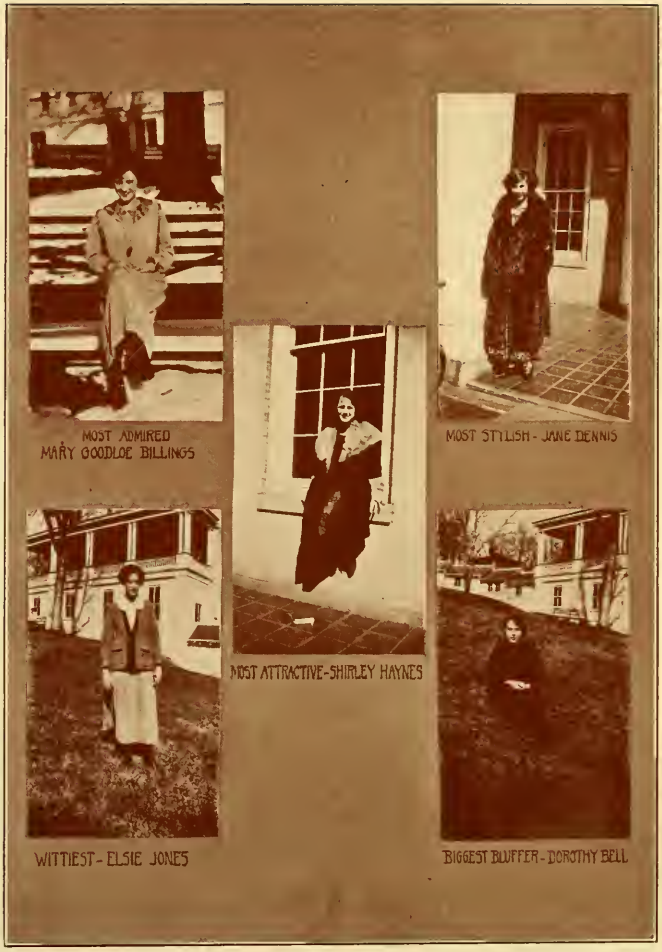
CUTEST - SUSIE SMITH

BEST STUDENT- KATHERINE SEE

BEST LOOKING SHIRLEY HAYNES

BEST SPORT - ELSIE JONES

BEST ATHLETE - MARY HARGRAVE


MOST ADMIRED
MARY GOODLOE BILLINGS
MOST STYLISH - JANE DENNIS
MOST ATTRACTIVE - SHIRLEY HAYNES
WITTIEST - ELSIE JONES
BIGGEST BLUFFER - DOROTHY BELL

Statistics

Nightfall

The sky is just the shade of blue
Which soon will be a deeper hue;
It is too light the stars to see,
It is not dark enough night to be;
It is the time when silhouettes
Show best, clear-cut, against the west;
'Tis the silent moment between day and night,
When the earth is in shadow and the sky is scarce light.
The western sky, a while ago,
Was tinged with fading goodnight glow;
In a little while gold stars will appear
And look down on us silently, large and near.
Even now, that steeple drawn there on the blue
Is gently fading from our view;
The world will soon be wrapped in shade,
And the listening silence that He has made.

—Nan Bruen.

Jests

JOKES

?

"Miss Higgins, may I go up to swim?"
"Why, I suppose so, daughter,
But be sure you cover every limb
When you go near the water.

Your bathing suit is much too short,
It really is quite shocking!
When you indulge in such sport,
Be sure you wear your stockings.

And wrap a coat about your form,
For there is always danger
Of taking cold unless you're warm,
And then, you *might* meet a stranger."

—Frances Grant.

Wier (in Art department): Miss Meyer, may I paint some sandwiches?

Miss Meyer: Why, Vernette, what are you studying up here, anyway, interior decoration?

Miss Schoolar (at table): Won't you have some more potatoes, Virginia?

Virginia: Oh, just a mouthful. (And Miss Schoolar fills her plate.)

Miss Latane: Will you please name the first seven presidents of the U. S.?

Shirley H. (under her breath): Sorry, but their parents got ahead of me.

"Hi!"
"Lo!"

THE AT THE BIG RANG OUT. I RUSHED TO THE WINDOW TO WHO WAS THERE AND CALLED OUT TO MY AUNT TO WHEN I SAW A ARROW AND A COME ROLLING UP THE DRIVE. WHEN THE S REACHED THE STEPS SPRANG OUT. GREAT WHAT DID THEY HAVE ? THEY HAD COME FROM THE DIRECTION OF ISLAND BUT THAT MEANT NOTHING TO ME. THE MEN CARRIED DEMI OF IN THEIR ARMS. I DREW BACK — STARTLED. THEY WERE PILING THEM ON THE PORCH IN EFFECT. THIS WAS BEYOND MY EN I RUSHED TO THE TELEPHONE TO CALL MR. OF POLICE. AFTER DESCRIBING THE MEN TO ME HE SAID "THEY ARE OUT ON THEY ARE TWO YOUNG MEN FROM WHO HAVE COME TO OUR TOWN TO VISIT THEIR FRATERNITY BROTHERS, MR. AND HIS BROTHER TRY TO DETAIN THEM 'TIL I COME —!" I RUSHED BACK TO THE DOW BUT ALAS! THE CAR WAS DISAPPEARING OVER THE TOWARD THE THE GENTLE BREEZE CONVEYED TO MY EAR THE SOUND OF S AND I KNEW AT ONCE THE MEN HAD S THAN ONE COULD THE WINE BE TO THE CELLAR ? I ED THE AND THE AND THE TO AID ME ON THIS AWFUL WHAT A STRAIN ! SPYING THE BOTTLE OF INE I APPLIED IT IN DOWNPOURS.

Exercises

As if we were not buried
In work up to our eyes,

Ah me! again I must recall
Those days that were so good!
When we were "breathing deeply"
O'er the art of "chopping wood."

Who has not gained more grace
Or lost pounds over night?
By that oft-repeated order,
"Trunks bending, left and right."

But there's good in all things bad,
For when we're aged and despised
They gave us unbegrudging
The joy of "exercise."

Whose heart has not beat faster?
What pleasure it did bring!
My mind turns back with rare delight
Unto the "chicken-wing."

Oh remember, on those cold days
We got down into the snow,
Whene'er they gave that dear command:
"On your knees, get set, now go!"

All these and many others
Till we almost broke our backs,
Till we almost fell to pieces
Being human "jumping-jacks."

We'll not be stiff, or helpless
Because in youth we exercised!

—Frances Grant.

THREE REASONS WHY WE FLUNK

mary Baldwin Seminary rules

1. Those desiring breakfast served in bed Saturday mornings must phone to the dining room the same morning not later than 11a.m.
2. The use of slang is limited to the faculty.
3. Exercises for strengthening the muscles of the jaw will be held daily— between periods. (wrigley's chewing gum recommended.)
4. monday, tuesday, thursday, friday and saturday are visiting days.
5. Only roommates are to be consulted on "affairs of the heart."
6. Red is preferred - however, Black may be used for the uniform
7. no student may own more than 2 roadsters motoring hours on the campus will be posted
8. Only those who have made 90% averages may study in study hall. Others are forced to retire to their rooms
9. Only those that have a special duty to perform are required to attend chapel—(ie. the janitor)

signed—
d.f.s.

Some people have a snap, but Lucille MacAshan has ginger snaps.

"Can you feature that?" said Miss Stuart as she put Lucy Page's drawing on the first page.

"The end has come," said Miss Williamson as she finished calling out the mail.

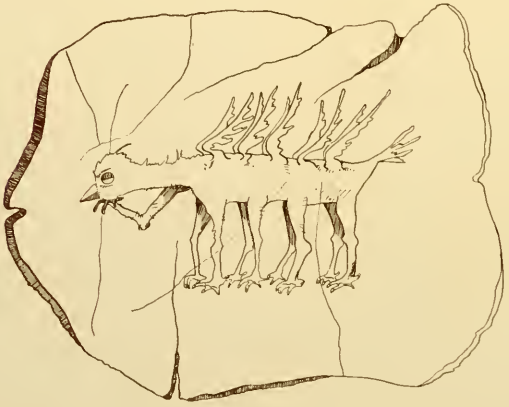
Augusta S.: Look here. I don't want this picture of me to go in the annual. It looks like a fish.

Laura V.: Well, you should have thought of that before you had it taken.

"Why do they say that Chapel Hall is rapidly becoming a second Greenwich Village?"

"Oh, I suppose just because there are two studios, a few painters, and you have to go down a few steps to get there."

The most optimistic girl in Mary Baldwin is the one who expects to find her apple still at her place at the table when she goes back to get it.



MARY JANE WRITES MOTHER

It's beastly wearing to have to manage with one maid. She gives the punkest waves.

Baths—why, Mother—it's perfectly g h a s t l y. The wierdest arrangements you can *possibly* imagine.

You asked me if we studied. Heavens, yes. It bores one to death—but I suppose that is what some people come to school for. One must suit all tastes, I suppose. Oh! I got an A in cooking. I think I'll get married!

Played a neat game this afternoon. Basket ball is so rough. I feel a total wreck. I wore B o b b y ' s sweater. It is just too cute for anything.

Ran down to have my picture taken for the annual. It's a discouraging job.

Such a cute date last night—and another Kappa Ducha pin. This one has rubies. It's getting to be an art. Bobby is a generous boy.

Dates

TIME—1860—*eight p. m.*

PLACE—*In the parlors of the Augusta Female Seminary, Staunton, Va. Distributed about the room are small, stiff-backed rose-wood chairs. They are arranged, strange to say, in groups of two, but by groups—do not let us infer to our readers that these were chummy, cozy groups. Each chair was placed from its mate at least four feet, and the glistening horse hair and stiffly-starched tidies challenged its holder to be comfortable. At the left is a bay window, its lace curtains modestly drawn—and before it an ornate Phesian urn donated to the Augusta Female Seminary by one of its well-intentioned benefactors—and filled with long, wavy, dried grasses of the most remarkable colors. One might imagine that in cases of necessity these would make excellent whisk-brooms. On the wall at the left of the windows are many pictures, including a heavily framed oil of Robert E. Lee and opposite over the sealed marble fireplace is a corresponding picture of General Washington at an early age when he wore high winged collars and much marcelled hair.*

As the curtain goes up, two little ladies of the Seminary are sitting gently on the horse-hair chairs. Their skirts are bouffant to a crinoline degree and their sleeves, very tiny and puffed. Their hair is done high, making them look like little dowager duchesses. We notice as the little girl on the right nods her head that she has a little nest of the daintiest curls at the back of her elaborate caiffure.

FAITH—But CONSTANCE, you should not be so independent and rash—those curls—you know MISS PRUDENCE will make you tuck them under and then she will give you some extra punishment. She considers them to be affected and unmaidenly, you know.

CONSTANCE—I don't care—truly I don't. Only, tonight I must look my very best. Alexander has such exquisite taste and I know that he will appreciate them. I'll tell you a secret, too if you'll promise never, never to tell. Look at me real hard and see if you can guess it. You will think it disgraceful.

FAITH *looks at* CONSTANCE *seriously and then says:* Tell me quickly.

CONSTANCE—Look at my cheeks. They were so very pale that I dabbed the tiniest bit of red rouge on them and now I am so afraid that he might notice. (FAITH *looks scandalized.)* Hush, I think MISS PRUDENCE is coming. I hear her black skirt.

(As MISS PRUDENCE, *a tall and formidable lady, enters at the right,* FAITH *and* CONSTANCE *rise and courtsey deftly.* MISS P. *pats her black mits into place.)*

MISS FAITH—MISS CONSTANCE—you realize, I am very certain, that one of

Dates

TIME—1923—*seven-thirty p. m.*

PLACE—*The same as in Act I, only now it is called the parlors of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, and a few minor changes have taken place. The rosewood furniture has changed its upholstery from black horsehair to tan background tapestry. One or two sofas have been added to the collection. The starched tidies are gone. George Washington and Robert E. Lee are gone, and in their places are large prints of an Italian Gobelez and a landscape of New England, both in heavily gilded frames. The ornate Phesian urn that one of Mary Baldwin's well-intentioned benefactors had donated, has long been shattered by the fling of a romantic university man's gesture, and in its place is a modest tabouret which holds a flourishing Maiden's Hair Fern. All in all, it is quite evident that this little haven far from the brutal world has not been entirely immune to the passing of time. As the curtain goes up—*

A handsome soldierly young man is sitting on a chair at the left busily engaged in flicking imaginary specks from his immaculate blue-gray uniform. At the door on the right, a tall, dark, bob-haired girl enters and hesitates a moment in the doorway. Her long black dress is wrapped tightly about her figure, giving an impression of dignity which her flaunting hair immediately contradicts. Her lips are reddened, daringly, and her cheeks are vivid. The cadet rises slowly to his feet.

CADET—'Lo, CECIL, how's the life of Paris? Pretty snappy—kid—pretty snappy. I'm not very glad to see you, not so very much. But Lord, what a place! Thought at the door I'd have to present my birth certificate and a recommendation from my state senator to get in.

CECIL—Oh, BOBBY. S'all right. How are you, any ways?—*(Looking around)*—But for pity's sake—you must be drunk or something—why not grab the sofa while the grabbing's good? There'll be a gang in pretty quick. *(They sit down on the sofa. He plays with the tassel on her sleeve.)*

BOBBY—What?—*(with much feeling.)*

CECIL—Yes, of course, you're kind of early—on time I mean, we are ahead of the crowd. There are going to be ten other dates tonight.

BOBBY—Take me home. *(In pretended despondency)*—Do you mean to say, CECIL, that I have to sit up here and hold your hand while other people sit around and snicker?

CECIL—They won't laugh—I mean *(she gives an embarrassed laugh)*—I

the greatest privileges of the school is being bestowed upon you young ladies—You are having callers tonight, not because we wish you especially to see these callers, but merely because we think it wise and fitting for our young ladies to be perfectly at ease while presiding over a well-appointed drawing room—to do so in a graceful and formal manner. *(She takes a small book from the table, and takes out a brilliant purple marker. She reads):* "Young ladies should never allow the tips of their slippers to show, but should retain them modestly beneath their flounces. Young ladies should not slouch or recline, but should sit gracefully with their hands folded, thus keeping them from meddling with their kerchiefs, which is decidedly unbecoming.

"A young lady remains seated at all times, unless, of course, a member of the faculty enters or she feels the necessity of fainting. A young lady should maintain a low, even, well modulated voice. Before entering a room a young lady should quickly say to herself—'Papa, Potatoes, Prunes and Prisms,' which leaves the mouth in its desired position." *(She closes the book.)* The rest you know.

Faith and Constance—Yes, Miss Prudence. *(She scrutinizes the girls through her pincez nez." Frowning)* Miss Constance—You will please very quickly tuck up those ludicrous curls and tomorrow at four you may come to my room and work an extra hour on your sampler.

(At the door an old white-haired negro enters and announces):

Mr. Hamilton Lee Dickerson. (Miss Prudence *rises and greets him, if such you could call it.)*

We are delighted to extend the hospitality of the school to Miss Dickerson's brother. *(She turns.)* Miss Dickerson! Faith *comes forward and quite matter-of-factly holds up her cheek for her very ill-at-ease brother to kiss. From the sofa* Constance *lets a very audible sigh escape from her lips.)*

Miss Prudence—Miss Faith, you may see your brother in the back parlor. *(They go through the door at the back. The butler re-enters.)* Lieutenant Alexander J. Montrose II.

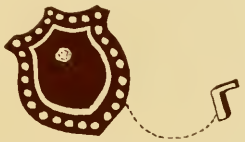
(A tall, handsome youth in the uniform of the southern army steps briskly into the room and bows solemnly. He has carefully clipped dark side-burns and his black hair shines in the lamp light. As he enters Constance *starts eagerly—remembers, and retains her composure calmly.* Miss Prudence *goes forward and he bows again, graciously over her hand—she is pleased, but yet a little suspicious.)*

We are delighted to extend the hospitality of the school to a friend of Miss Austin's and also to a son of Major Montrose! Miss Constance? *(She bounds forward, then again remembering, recovers her poise and slyly peeping up at* Miss Prudence *extends her hand to* Alexander *and courtseys very primly.)*

Miss P.—May you have a delightful evening, exchanging reminiscences and bits of news. *(She takes a paper and a book from the table and sits in the bay window.* Constance *and the Lieutenant sit on the horse-hair chairs at the right.)*

mean that of course you won't hold my hand. But BOBBY, tell me what's going on in the world. Who's married who and who is engaged? I feel like I'd been buried. It's up to you to bring me to earth and light again, like they are doing to all those mummies and things in sunny old Egypt.

BOBBY—Oh, nothing much has happened—but how come you know so much about the dead kings and what not?



CECIL—Don't laugh at me. I'm getting educated, and besides, we have current events. When did—*(a low cat call interrupts* CECIL's *question.)*

BOBBY—What the dickens is that? *(The whistle is heard again. Around the corner of the door at the right, a bright-eyed, little girl with hair suggestive of taffy, is trying to get the "date's" attention.)*

GIRL—Hey Ci-Ci. Look at me. *(She smiles appealingly.)* Having a good time? Here's something for you. *(She throws her candy kiss.)*

CECIL—*(in a stage whisper)*—Come on in, MUTTY. *(Aside to* BOBBY.*)* It's MUTTY, my room-mate, you know. She'll only stay a minute.

(Mutty steals into the room, first looking carefully to see that she is not observed. At first glance we think that she might be May Murray or "Our Mary." A perfect ingenue type, with flighty blue eyes and long up-curling lashes.)

MUTTY—So this is BOBBY—the great one and only. *(She holds out her hand.)* I'm glad to get a look at the person who gets so many letters and so much raving out of CECIL. It's a feat—honestly it is.

CECIL—Oooooh—You know you are fibbing, MARIANN. BROOKS. You don't believe her, do you, BOBBY? *(They are still standing.)*

BOBBY—Sit down—Can't we?

MUTTY—Don't dare—CECIL would shoot me if I should. *(To* BOB*)*—Did you see me down town today? I was with the teacher and the three other girls. 'Member?

BOBBY—U--huh. Yea, I remember. Had on a gray coat. *(Very vaguely.)*

MUTTY—No, no, a black suit. I've got to tear along, CECIL, honey. Someone will catch me in here, and wring my neck or something. Good-bye, BOBBY—Come over and see us again.

CECIL—*(Not so very enthusiastically)*—Don't go, MUTTY. No one's coming. *(As she says this,* MUTTY *skips out of the parlors, almost tripping up on her long taffeta dress. She throws a kiss from the doorway.)*

BOBBY—Who'd you say she was? Room-mate?

CECIL—Yea. Isn't she sweet? I just adore her. 'Course she is sort of silly, but cute, anyway. She's young, you see.

CONSTANCE *(in a loud voice that* MISS P. *may hear)*—And did you have a pleasant trip coming over from camp, LIEUTENANT MONTROSE? *(Then in a low whisper)*—ALEX, it is wonderful—a lieutenant—I can hardly believe it. You must be very smart. And your uniform becomes you so.

ALEX *(also in a loud voice)*—Oh, yes, indeed, MISS CONSTANCE, I had an excellent trip over, I assure you. The day was so fair I interested myself in deep meditations. *(Then)*: Oh, CONSTANCE, does that awful ogre stay glaring in her place all evening? Is there no time—no place—that I may see you alone—just for an evening—an hour—a few minutes. I have so much that I want to tell you and I can never say it here.

*(*MISS P. *unintentionally allows the paper she is reading to form a barrier between the couple in the room.* ALEX *pushes his chair a little nearer to* CONSTANCE'S.*)*

CONSTANCE—I don't see why we can't talk here. *(She glances coquettishly up at him.)* You are making large demands. Ah, I know. It is because you are a lieutenant now. I know it is their custom. *(She laughs.)* But indeed, sir, if you so object to seeing me here, you will have to wait until happy spring time.

ALEX—Do not be angry with me, CONSTANCE. For you know well that I do not mean what you infer. There is no one that I would rather see, than you, under any conditions. I have longed all week to talk to you. (CONSTANCE *clutches his arm warningly as she sees* MISS PRUDENCE *lower her paper.)*

CONSTANCE *(in a loud voice)*—Yes, I am enjoying my studies immensely. (MISS P. *is satisfied and goes on with her reading. Quite accidentally* CONSTANCE'S *tiny hand rests in* ALEX'S *for the fewest minutes. Then blushing vividly she withdraws it.)*

ALEX—Can't we arrange a meeting somewhere, CONSTANCE? Outside of these iron walls? If you care for me at all you will do it.

CONSTANCE *(in wide-eyed amazement)*—But ALEX—who said—you take so much for granted. *(In his earnestness* ALEX *appears all the handsomer. His dark eyes flash, and his bronzed cheeks redden.)*

It is nine-thirty.

FAITH'S *brother and the lieutenant have both departed.* MISS PRUDENCE and FAITH and CONSTANCE *are sitting in the parlor. Constance is quiet and wistful and hardly seems aware of the others' presence.*

MISS PRUDENCE—Young ladies—I think you conducted your evening with merit. I am sorry that I had to reprimand you, MISS CONSTANCE, on account of your curls—but next time you will remember. (CONSTANCE *has awakened from her trance.)*

CONSTANCE—I am deeply grieved, too, MISS PRUDENCE, that I should have caused you that embarrassment. But thank you so much for our evening's pleasure.

MISS PRUDENCE—It is past the time of retirement. We must go. *(She goes from the room and the two girls following her.)*

[CURTAIN]

BOBBY—Are you supposed to come running in that way? Gosh. Give everyone a treat, is that the idea?

CECIL—I didn't think you'd mind, and she only stayed a minute, dear.

BOBBY—I don't believe I'm really ever going to be able to see you when we can talk—really talk, I mean, CECIL. A lot of time's gone now, and we haven't even started. This seems like an insane asylum or something, and it makes me feel funny.

CECIL—Trust it isn't the company you are keeping that suggests an insane asylum, old dear.

BOBBY—Oh, gosh, you know what I mean. *(Three boys have entered the door at the left.)*

CECIL—Oh, look, BOBBY. That's LARRY from W. & L. Oh, I've never seen him close before. I think he's a tack. And I guess that's RUE DOBSON and HARRY HOGDEN with him. RUE's got a date with HARRIET HOPKINSON and she has never seen him, and she's scared that she may get the wrong man.

BOBBY—Yea, that's HOGDEN—*(to the tall youth with the artist face)*—'Lo, there, Hogden. How'd you get over?

HOGDEN—Hello. Oh—and CECIL. You're ahead of us. *(He has soft dreamy eyes, but* CECIL *doesn't like him.* BOBBY *wants him to leave. It is quite noticeable.)* CECIL—Help DOBSON out over there. He's got a date with a girl he doesn't know. When she comes in, let him know who and which she is, will you? Otherwise, his vagueness may make the mistress of ceremonies, what's her name?—suspicious. You won't mind. He's afraid he's getting a lemon.

CECIL—Yea, I'll show him who she is. Here they come now. *(Two girls can be seen in the doorway.)*

HOGDEN—Hey, DOBSON—C'mere quick. *(He goes over.)* Here she comes now——

BOBBY—Gosh, the chaperon is with them—not so good.

CECIL—HARRIET's the one in the green dress.

DOBSON—The one on the right—Gee, she's a peach. *(He starts forward.* CECIL *catches him.)*

CECIL—No—*(laughing)*—the one on the left with the dark hair. What's the matter, are you color blind or something? That other girl has on a blue dress. *(He goes over and meets the girls and* BOBBY *and* CECIL *are once more able to talk.)*

BOBBY—Well——

CECIL—I couldn't help it. *(The room now has several couples in it.)* Now, don't be cross, 'cause you know I don't like you when you're cross. *(She smiles sweetly at him.)*

BOBBY—Honestly, CECIL, if I didn't like you such an awfully lot, I'd kill you—you're so darn—not indifferent exactly—but——

CECIL—Oh—*(in surprise and reproach)*—You don't mean that—oh, terrible. I'm not going to play. *(A rather homely though striking girl with flaming red hair has entered.)* Oh, BOB—there is MARCIA JONES. She's the one I told you about—you know, who is so crazy about MONK ANDREWS. She wants to see you. You've met her. STICKY—*(The girls comes over)*——

STICKY—*(coming towards them—*BOB *rises)*—Oh, there you are. Hello—BOB, I just had to see you for a minute. And CECIL is such an angel that she told me I might. I'll only stay a minute. *(*BOB *gives* CECIL *a look that is more eloquent than words. They sit down.)*

BOBBY—Want me to tell MONK something for you?

STICKY—Yea—just loads of things, but that's not all. I've lost his pin and he'll die if he knows it, so I wondered if you could get me one—and swear not to tell him anything about it? See? I'll send you a check.

BOBBY. Sure. I'll send it to you this week if I can get it.

STICKY—I'l run along now, 'cause I don't want to keep you, and I want to see BARBARA's man a minute. Thanks, loads, BOB, and let me know how much it is. By-bye, CECIL, honey. Have a good time.

BOBBY—*(with a grin on his face)*—Honestly this is so dumb, it's funny—Who is the next on the list? Aren't there a few more in the school? I'd like to see them all while the show is on. The more the merrier. Let's see a few of the teachers' now.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

(The nine-twenty-five bell has rung. The parlors are now full of chattering men and girls. Some of them get up to go. CECIL *and* BOBBY *are still on the sofa, so deep in conversation that evidently they have not heard the bell.)*

BOBBY—You'll try to get out to your aunt's? Then I'll see you. Next Saturday? Oh, Lord, I can't wait!

PASSING CADET—'Night, CECIL—tell KATE hello for me.

CECIL—*(as if she has just waked up)*—Why BOB, everybody almost has gone. Did you hear the bell? I didn't. You'll have to go. It's not so good to be the last one, you know. I'll get off Saturday. I'll let you know, anyways. I wish you could stay longer.

BOBBY—You'll get to your aunt's if you want to. I'll know really if you want to see me. *(Then)*—There are two boys still over there. Do I have to go now?

CECIL—Yes. Come on. Let's speed. Those are Seniors, and if you want to stay longer you mustn't pick out a dumb one like me, 'cause I'll never be a Senior.

BOBBY—I love you just the same, old dear.

They go out. The curtain falls.)

She
Stood by the
Window
Waiting—waiting
Clothed in
Pajamas and
Slippers.
The wondrous night
Air felt
Cool!
As the stray
Moonbeams
Played among the curls of
Her curly
Bobbed hair.
Why didn't

He

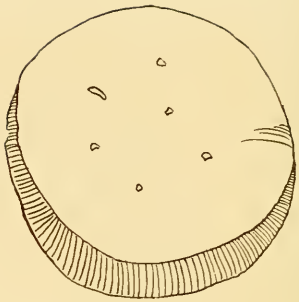
Come?
She had waited
So long.
She was
Desperate.
A footstep is
Heard below
Ah!
At last!
She glances down.
He
Gives
The signal.
Up—up—up!!
She takes

It (?)

From the *basket*
At the same time
Yelling
"Bring on the spoons
It's melting!!!"

—Elizabeth Warner.

Knockers



I've searched the gift shops o'er and o'er
To find a knocker for my door,
There are baskets full of flowers packed
And parrots perched on swinging racks,
I like 'em all, but dare not risk it
For what is better than a BEATEN BISCUIT?

—ELIZABETH WARNER.

We Nominate to the Hall of Fame

ELSIE JONES—Because she can slick her hair back without the use of bandoline better than any girl in school.

VIRGINIA BOXLEY—Because she can wiggle her ears and scalp at the same time.

MARTHA GRIFFIN—Because she has not gotten one demerit this year.

NANCY LEE CLARK—Because she's from Boston.

DOROTHY BELL—Because she wields a hefty arm on the drum.

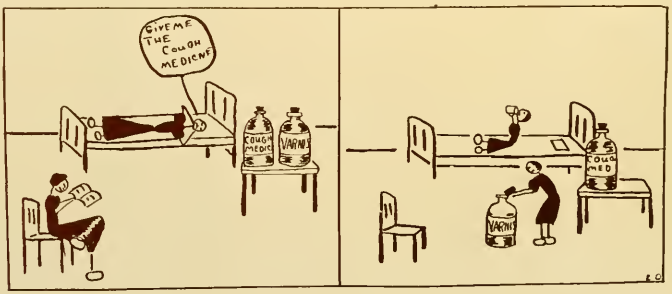
MARY HARGRAVE—Because she can laugh loudest and longest over nothing.

GERTRUDE PIERCE—Because she presides with aristocratic dignity over her candy shop—and we *do* admire dignity.

JANE HARMAN—Because she can snap her gum.

LAURA VAUGHAN—Because she roams around every third, fourth, and fifth period. (Excuse annual work.)

TIEL LISTER—Because she's sure to either be with Mr. Al G. Field or Mr. Zeigfield some day.



Reading Matter at M. B. S.

A Feed

Ding, dong!
The clock in the hall strikes
Two.
An alarm is heard
In Memorial
Followed by similar sounds
In Hill Top,
Sky High,
McClung.
Little (?) feet patter down
The Covered Way.
All is still?!
A kimona parade stumbles
Up Academic steps
Food.
Hot dogs—*cold!*
Onions.
Lighted candle.
Muffled voices.

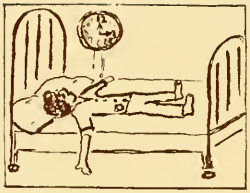
* * * * * * *

One hour later
A red-headed figure
Too bad
Too late!

* * * * * * *

Stillness!
Evil spirits have
Once more sought sleep—
Snore—snore!!
Secret!
Sh-h-h—
All is still!
All is *well!!*

—Elizabeth Warner.



An M. B. S. Tragedy

'Twas a night dark and lonely,
And all through Sky High
Not a creature was stirring,
Not a sound—not a sigh.

When down by the gym
There arose such a clatter,
Miss Myer rushed out
To see what was the matter.

The sight that she saw there
Made her stop—catch her breath,
There lay our brave watchman
As quiet as death.

She screamed—came Miss Bones
Calm and serene—
While Miss Morse descending
Threw light on the scene.

Miss Higgins heard the clamor,
Was aroused from her nap,
And dashed gym-ward quite quickly
Nor stopped for her cap.

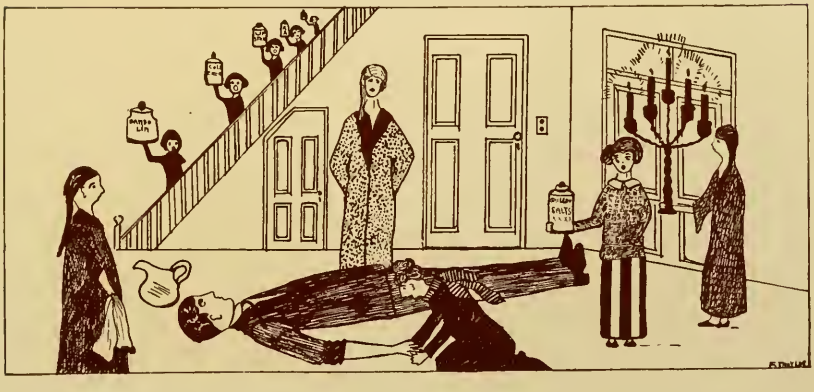
Our trusty nurse Hodson
Soon rushed to his side;
When up on the stairway
Miss Morse the girls spied.

"To the Infirmary, before
It's too late," she declares,
And the whole faculty helping
They dragged him down there.

The doctor—aroused
From his bed in the night
Came quickly to save
The poor man from his plight.

'Twas nothing so serious
As you may have guessed;
But there ne'er was such turmoil
In old M. B. S.!!!

—Frances Grant.



Afterword

¶ As we draw near the end of our annual we breathe a sigh of relief and just sit and wonder what you will think of it. All we can do is hope it will please you and that your lenient hearts will forgive its mistakes and errors and say a good word for it. We've all worked hard, every editor has gladly done her share and even more, but what could we have accomplished without your help and co-operation. That's what we want to thank you for. ¶ We can never give to Miss Stuart, Miss Meyer and Miss Strauss all the thanks that are due to them. Miss Stuart can always find time to help and cheer us in our work and to suggest one of her never failing ideas. Can you imagine our annual without the art work? No small part of the success of this all-important division of The Bluestocking is owing to the interest and labor of Miss Meyer. As for Miss Strauss—well, we all know that it would be impossible for Mary Baldwin to publish an annual without her.

The End

Alumnae Association

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Mrs. Annie Hotchkiss-Howison,
Staunton, Virginia

Corresponding Secretary

Miss Elizabeth Timberlake,
Staunton, Virginia

Recording Secretary

Mrs. Janet Stephenson-Roller,
Fort Defiance, Virginia

Treasurer

Miss Fannie Strauss,
Staunton, Virginia

Chairman Missionary Scholarship Committee

Mrs. Annie Hotchkiss-Howison,
Staunton, Virginia

The Alumnæ Association cordially invites the 1923 graduates and outgoing students to become members of this organization. The object of the Association is to perpetuate the feeling of loyalty toward the Seminary and to keep the "old" girls in close touch with the School and with each other. The dues are one dollar initiation fee and one dollar per year thereafter; a payment of ten dollars entitles one to life membership.

M. B. S. Directory—Teachers

Higgins, Miss Marianna P., ... M. B. S., Staunton, Va.
Bateman, Miss Effie ..... Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bartenstein, Miss Margaret ..... Warrenton, Va.
Bell, Miss Mary Lou ..... 241 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Batte, Miss Idyllette ..... Queenstown, Md.
Billant, Miss Antoinette ..... 2 Rue Descartes, Brest, France
Bones, Miss Priscilla ..... 11 Slosson Terrace, Staten Island, N. Y.
Caldwell, Miss Ellen G., ... Wytheville, Va.
Crawford, Mrs. George ..... M. B. S., Staunton, Va.
Edmundson, Misses Lucy and Gertrude ..... N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, C. F. W. ..... 931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Eisenberg, Miss Mary Caroline ..... 931 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Fraser, Miss Nora B. ..... N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Hullihen, Miss Elizabeth C. ..... Staunton, Va
Hurlbert, Miss Mary F. ..... 59 Freemont St., Bloomfield, N. J.
Hodgson, Miss Annie P. ..... Cobham, Albemarle Co., Va.
Kiester, Miss Pearle ..... Staunton, Va.
King, Mr. W. W. ..... Staunton, Va.
Latané, Miss Edith ..... 1412 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
McFarland, Misses Abbie and Nancy ..... M. B. S., Staunton, Va.
McGuinnity, Miss Minnie ..... Churchville Ave., Staunton, Va.
Meyer, Miss Gertrude ..... 1216 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Montgomery, Miss Alma E. ..... West Augusta, Va.
Morse, Miss Lydia Dodge ..... Fort Meadow, Marlborough, Mass.
Picaut, Miss Mildred ..... 1317 W. 19th St., Sioux City, Iowa
Pignol, Miss Martha ..... 144 72nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Price, Miss Nina ..... 2109 Grove Ave., Richmond, Va.
Schmidt, R. W. ..... N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Schoolar, Miss Norma ..... 2102 10th Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
Stiles, Mary Coutant ..... 1314 New Hampshire Ave., Washington, D. C.
Strauss, Miss Fannie B. ..... 315 N. New St., Staunton, Va.
Stuart, Miss Flora ..... Wytheville, Va.
Switzer, Miss Virginia W. ..... 102 N. Jefferson St., Staunton, Va.
Templeton, James L. ..... Staunton, Va.
Timberlake, Miss Marie Edna ..... Fredericksburg, Va.
Walker, Miss Lucy ..... M. B. S., Staunton, Va.
Weaver, Miss Miriam ..... M. B. S., Staunton, Va.
White, Miss India O. ..... Charlottesville, Va., R. F. D., No. 4.
Williamson, Miss Helen ..... The Sheridan, 1523 22nd St., Washington, D. C.
Yount, Mrs. Frank L. ..... 802 Alleghany Ave., Staunton, Va.

M. B. S. Directory—Students

Aaronson, Virginia Jane ..... Aberdeen, Md.
Adams, Annie Pauline ..... The Plains, Va.
Alexander, Mary Elizabeth ..... Vine St., Staunton, Va.
Allen, Frances Wallace ..... Covington, Va.
Alvis, Anne Isabel ..... Fishersville, Va.
Ainsley, Nina Pearl ..... Drumright, Okla.
Arey, Nancy Loraine ..... Broad St., Danville, Va.
Avery, Nella Hart ..... 2113 Hanover Ave., Richmond, Va.
Ballew, Dolly Lee ..... Mint Spring, Va.
Barker, Anne ..... 1901 Overton Park Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
Barkman, Josephine ..... 301 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Barlow, Constance Mae ..... 41 Highland Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
Barrett, Linda Prudence ..... 605 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
Baylor, Mary Helen ..... Graham, Va.
Beach, Nancy ..... 132 Franklin St., Petersburg, Va.
Bear, Jessie Sara ..... 359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bear, Dorothy Stickley ..... 359 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Grace ..... 217 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Elizabeth Virginia ..... 821 W. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Bell, Dorothy Tobin ..... 321 W. Laurel St., San Antonio, Texas
Bennett, Eleanor ..... 308 Clay Ave., Norfolk, Va.
Benson, Carolyn Taylor ..... 91 Frost Ave., Frostburg, Md.
Benton, Annie Lee ..... Laurinburg, N. C.
Bibbee, Frances Virginia ..... 339 Hickman St., Clarksburg, W. Va.
Billings, Mary Goodloe ..... 608 N. Walnut St., Seymour, Ind.
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Block, Lillian Jeannette ..... 1001 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bond, Juliet Lyle Brooke ..... 141 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Bond, Mary Ion ..... Ardsley Park, Savannah, Ga.
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Bowen, Mary Ellen ..... Witten's Mills, Va.
Bowen, Louise Stuart ..... 222 Locust St., Bluefield, W. Va.
Bowman, Elizabeth Pickney ..... 105 Madison Place, Staunton, Va.
Bowman, Dorothy Lewis ..... 204 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Boxley, Virginia Mansfield ..... Orange, Va.
Boxley, Emma Willis ..... Orange, Va.
Brand, Madeline Shuey ..... 417 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Bradford, Anne Margaret ..... 216 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Braxton, Agnes Trimble ..... 365 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.

Braxton, Mary Tomlin .....365 Sherwood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Mary Elizabeth .....Swoope, Va.
Brown, Dorothy .....110 Park Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
Brown, Frances Campbell .....228 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Laura Morrison .....228 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Brown, Mary Caroline .....South Windsor Apts., Connellsville Pa.
Brown, Pauline Ruth .....South Windsor Apts., Connellsville Pa.
Brownfield, Eleanor .....453 S. 10th St., Opelika, Ala.
Bruen, Anne Miller .....327 Riverside Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa.
Buchanan, Alice Wyatt .....603 S. Tryon St., Charlotte, N. C.
Bullett, Marion Ellen .....168 Clairmont, Buffalo, N. Y.
Bull, Mary Virginia .....Hanover Ave., Larchmont, Norfolk, Va.
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Burkhead, Forrest Whitly .....Opelika, Ala.
Burkholder, Ellen Hanger .....519 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Calhoun, Marion Crawford .....Fishersville, Va.
Campbell, Virginia Mae .....303 E. 15th St., Little Rock, Ark.
Carleton, Elsie Florence .....Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Carpenter, Evelyn .....321 Locust St., Covington, Va.
Carleton, Helen Elizabeth .....Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Carper, Helen Anne .....Churchville, Va.
Carr, Allie Barnes .....229 Clark St., Clarksdale, Miss.
Carrier, Bessie Naomi .....Mint Spring, Va.
Carhart, Evelyn Tabor .....212 S. 39th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Carleton, Margaret Frances .....Chilton Hall, Staunton, Va.
Chauncey, Martha Lucille .....Matewan, W. Va.
Chittum, Mary Elizabeth .....31 S. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Clark, Esther Daniel .....Inverness, Fla.
Clark, Nancy Lee .....Central St., Winchester, Mass.
Clark, Margaretta Elizabeth .....Brookeville, Md.
Clarkson, Helen Claribel .....2614 Rio Grande, Austin, Texas
Clement, Ruth .....Appomattox, Va.
Coffman, Lucy Page .....291 Staten Ave., Oakland, Cal.
Coney, Retta Fannin .....121 E. 45th St., Savannah, Ga.
Coiner, Kate Jackson .....Fishersville, Va.
Cook, Eva Ione .....Bellevue Park, Richmond, Va.
Coons, Temple .....N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
Cox, Lucille .....620 Locust St., Bristol, Tenn.
Crafton, Catherine Elizabeth .....114 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
Crafton, Frances Louise .....114 Fayette St., Staunton, Va.
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Crawford, Lillian Frances .....Route No. 7, Staunton, Va.

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Crockett, Julia ..... Wytheville, Va.
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Danner, Rebecca Elizabeth ..... Brookwood, Va.
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Dixon, Helen Hunter ..... Elizabethton, Tenn.
Dobson, Dorthea ..... 609 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.
Doll, Alice Gertrude ..... New Market, Va.
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Dunn, Grace ..... Box No. 67, Seymour, Ind.
Dunlop, Agnes Lee ..... Gatebo, Okla.
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Henderlite, Rachel Killinger ..... 134 S. Marietta St., Gastonia, N. C.
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Jones, Rebecca Wyse ..... Lancaster, S. C.
Jones, Elsie Walker ..... New Bern, N. C.

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Junkin, Nettie DuBois ..... 335 Vine St., Staunton, Va.
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Kerr, Virginia Katherine ..... Route No. 6, Harrisonburg, Va.
Kingham, Lelia Elizabeth ..... 161 N. Coalter St., Staunton, Va.
Kieffer, Virginia Belle ..... Ewing, Ind.
Kiracofe, Charlene Madison ..... 24 Church St., Staunton, Va.
Kirby, Anna Cleo ..... Greenville, Va.
Kirby, Katherine Louise ..... 7426 Devon St., Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa.
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Lambert, Kitty Burnett ..... Box No. 517, Staunton, Va.
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Landis, Madelene Correathers ..... Weyers Cave, Va.
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Lory, Anna May ..... South Charleston, W. Va.
Lowman, Virginia Johnston ..... Millboro, Va.
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McAshan, Lucille ..... 1318 Oakdale Ave., Houston, Texas
McAshan, Mary ..... 1318 Oakdale Ave., Houston, Texas
McClerkin, Nancy ..... 1615 Battery St., Little Rock, Ark.
McClintic, Thomasia Brown ..... 319 Berkley Place, Staunton, Va.
McClung, Martha Marie ..... Swoope, Va.
McCollum, Mary Crawford ..... 2517 Vernon St., Swissvale, Pa.
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Marshall, Mildred Mae ..... South Essex, Mass.
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Matteson, Mabel ..... 2537 Vine St., Lincoln, Neb.
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Messmore, Ruth Kathryn ..... 56 Ben Lomand St., Uniontown, Pa.
Minter, Evelyn Ernestine ..... Beckley, W. Va.
Mitchell, Kate ..... 16 Church St., Staunton, Va.

Mitchell, Katie Dale ..... Waycross, Ga.
Mitchell, Louise Frances ..... Marion, Va.
Moffett, Nancy Ophelia ..... Route No. 2, Staunton, Va.
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Morgan, Helen Lee ..... 825 Magnolia Ave., San Antonio, Texas
Morriss, Dorothy Elizabeth ..... 215 Market St., Staunton, Va.
Moseley, Frances Ficklen ..... 440 Fifth St., Greenville, N. C.
Mower, Marjorie Lockridge ..... Mint Spring, Va.
Mowery, Ruth Ella ..... N. Cherry St., Paulding, Ohio
Mulliss, Julia Woods ..... 407 S. Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
Munday, Gertrude Elizabeth ..... Fulton, Ark.
Myer, Marjorie ..... 212 Kennedy Court, Louisville, Ky.
Murray, Margaret Henrietta ..... 3505 Powhatan Ave., Baltimore, Md.
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Orr, Evelyn ..... 1919 Linden Ave., Nashville, Tenn.
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Palmer, Marion ..... 1252 Ottawa Ave., Ottawa, Ill.
Pancake, Mary Moore ..... 120 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.
Parker, Gladys Wahneta ..... Raphine, Va.
Parkinson, Virginia Caroline ..... Warrenton, Va.
Patterson, Mary Campbell ..... Douglas, Ga.
Payne, Elizabeth James ..... 319 Vine St., Staunton, Va.
Peatross, Katherine Hazen ..... 1015 Gates Ave., Norfolk, Va.
Pergrin, Jessie Gail ..... 143 Barton Ave., Akron, Ohio
Perry, Mary Frances ..... 16 N. Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Perry, Katherine ..... 16 N. Washington St., Staunton, Va.
Peters, Katharine Helena ..... 42 N. 12th St., Allentown, Pa.
Pettyjohn, Mary Macon ..... 700 Federal St., Lynchburg, Va.
Peyton, Betty Washington ..... 305 Beverley St., Staunton, Va.
Pierce, Jane Frances ..... North New St., Staunton, Va.
Pierce, Gertrude Lockwood ..... Riverside, Conn.
Pollard, Virginia Dane ..... 120 Buchanan Ave., Clarksburg, W. Va.
Potter, Elizabeth Harris, ... 3209 Ave. "E" Chattanooga, Tenn.
Price, Gertrude Viola ..... 516 N. William St., Paulding, Ohio
Putnam, Elizabeth Reppert ..... 415 W. Bath Ave., Ashland, Ky.
Quarles, Mary Nelson ..... Edgewood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Quarles, Cornelia ..... Edgewood Ave., Staunton, Va.
Ralston, Sara Frances ..... 317 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.

Ratchford, Ethel ..... Box No. 123, Staunton, Va.
Ratchford, Mary Frances ..... Box No. 123, Staunton, Va.
Redwine, Ernestine Emma ..... Spiro, Okla.
Redwine, Ruth Winnie ..... Spiro, Okla.
Renfroe, Mary ..... 52 Standish Place, Jacksonville, Fla.
Renfroe, Martha ..... 52 Standish Place, Jacksonville, Fla.
Rhett, Lila Ewart ..... 48 Elizabeth St., Charleston, S. C.
Richards, Irene Inez ..... 910 E. Armour St. Kansas City, Mo.
Richardson, Kortright Monroe ..... Bel Air, Md.
Richardson, Mary Elizabeth ..... O'Keeffe, W. Va.
Richardson, Virginia Willis ..... 1719 Lamont St., Washington, D. C.
Robertson, Reta Virginia ..... 310 Kalorama St., Staunton, Va.
Robinson, Margaret Louise ..... West Point, Miss.
Rosebro, Christine Neilson ..... Rt. 7, Box 148, Staunton, Va.
Ruckman, Frances Moore ..... Box No. 556, Staunton, Va.
Rumpf, Edythe Alain ..... 788 Colonial Ave., Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Rumpf, Hazel Elaine ..... 788 Colonial Ave., Pelham Manor, N. Y.
Russell, Marjorie Gibbs, ... 212 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Russell, Frances Holbert ..... 212 N. Market St., Staunton, Va.
Russell, Margaret Kable ..... S. M. A., Staunton, Va.
Rutherford, Margurite Caroline ..... Route No. 2, Staunton, Va.
Sanford, Alice Evelyn ..... Low Moor, Va.
Schlesinger, Sarah Ella ..... 375 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
Scott, Jean Lindsay ..... Brandy, Va.
Scott, Margaret Elizabeth ..... Burkeville, Va.
Scott, Lucie Eileen ..... Tazewell, Va.
Seacrest, Jessie Snively ..... Lincoln, Neb.
See, Katharine Allyn ..... Floyd, Va.
Seibert, Estelle Johnson ..... 48 Comely Place, Bloomfield, N. J.
Sheets, Marion Crawford ..... 215 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Shewmake, Anna Harriet ..... 606 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.
Silling, Mary Alice ..... 1714 W. Main St., Staunton, Va.
Smith, Augusta Gage ..... 1332 Clifton St., Birmingham, Ala.
Smith, Gertrude Alexander ..... Bayview, Clearwater, Fla.
Smith, Cora Grandy ..... Nash St., Wilson, N. C.
Smith, Susie Ramsey ..... 1410 Cullom St., Birmingham, Ala.
Smith, Elizabeth Carroll ..... Kalorama, Staunton, Va.
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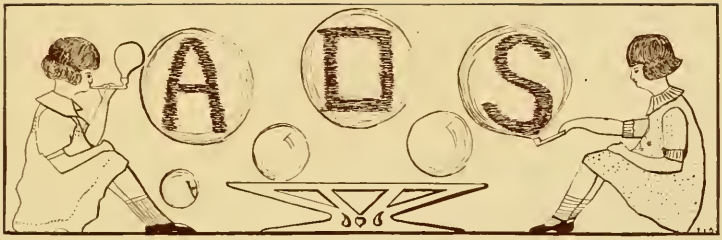
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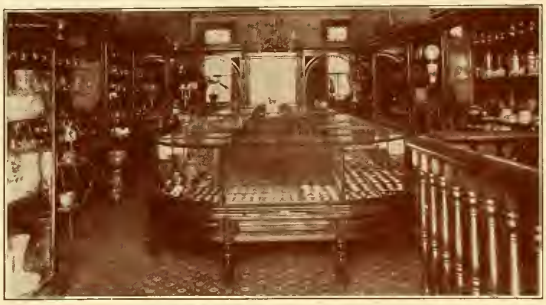

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Resources

Loans and Investments		$ 672,407 60
U. S. Bonds		128,900 00
Furniture and Fixtures		19,470 63
Cash on hand	24,103 28	
Due from Banks	105,343 18	129,446 46
		950,224 69

Liabilities

Capital Stock	$100,000,000
Surplus and Profits	64,689 36
Circulating Notes	79,100 00
Bills Payable	45,000 00
Rediscounts	8,000 00
Deposits	653,435 33
	950,224 69

3% Interest Paid in Savings Department

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E. W. Randolph, Cashier.
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